The Outlook

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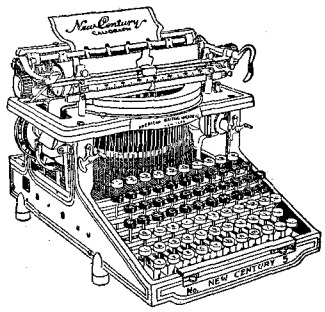

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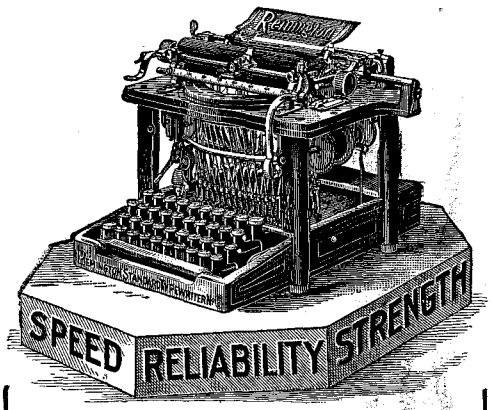

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The Outlook

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The Advance on Malolos

The expected forward movement in the Philippines began last week, and the insurgent forces have been pushed northward after severe fighting. Our forces have steadily driven the enemy before them, with moderate loss, considering the extent of the engagement. The general military situation in Luzon is this: From Manila east, across the entire island, we have a strong line—along the Pasig River, through Laguna de Bai, on which we have one or more gunboats, and thence east over a narrow strip to the sea. By this line southern Luzon is cut off from the northern, and larger, part; in this southern part forces of insurgents have concentrated to the number of three or four thousand; General Lawton is now in command of the division of our army in the south, and is amply able to cope with the enemy there, who are reported to be actively attacking since the more important operations in the north began. To understand the advance of the past week it should be remembered that from Manila there runs north and northwest along the coast a railroad—the only one in the islands, we believe. This roughly corresponds to the central line of our advance. On it, or near it, are, in the order named, going north, the towns of Caloocan, Malabon, Malinta, Polo, Meicauayan, Marilao, Bulacan. Finally, Malolos, Aguinaldo's headquarters, is about twenty-five miles north of Manila. The advance was from Caloocan, which has been occupied by American forces for some weeks, and is the military base of the recent operations. The plan was a simple one—namely, to push a strong force directly north, beyond the latitude of Malabon (which is some way west of the railroad and on the coast), then to wheel to the left (west), and thus cut off the enemy supposed to be in force at Malabon and hold it between the flanking force, to be on its north, and the division of our army left to its south. General MacArthur, with the right wing, swept the enemy from the region east of Manila and north of the Pasig River, in a northwesterly direction through the town of Novaliches and toward Malabon. The advance northward was a perfect success, but the enemy was not to be caught by the flanking movement. It is the primary law of defensive military strategy not to allow the flank to be turned by the enemy and the insurgents, many of whose officers served under Spain, have enough military knowledge to make them awake to the situation. They have, therefore, withdrawn toward the north, fighting as they retreat.

❀

Three Days of Fighting

General Otis's despatches of Sunday state that General MacArthur's division of three brigades, which formed the right of the advance, was two miles beyond Polo at Meicauayan, and that it had continually driven the insurgents from succeeding lines of intrenchments where they stoutly resisted. On Monday General MacArthur was at or near Bulacan, only five miles from Malolos. The supporting column was steadily advancing on a parallel line south and west of MacArthur's division. By Sunday afternoon these forces had reached open country and were pushing on toward Malolos, which is fifteen miles beyond Polo. On Monday they advanced as far as Marilao, ten miles from Malolos. The fighting here Monday was again severe and continuous. Aguinaldo is said to have led his troops in person. It is expected that a stand will be made by the Filipinos at Malolos, and the probability is that from that place the enemy, if

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defeated, will retreat into the hill country of the north, where resistance may be carried on, perhaps, in much the way employed by the Cuban insurgents in the eastern province of Cuba. As we write our exact losses are not known, but on Sunday General Otis put the casualties as one officer and twenty-five men killed, one hundred and forty-two wounded, and he cabled on Monday that our casualties that day were about forty. On Sunday Colonel Egbert, of the Twenty-second Infantry, was killed while gallantly leading his men in a bayonet charge. The German Prince Ludwig von Lowenstein-Wertheim is reported to have been shot while observing the advance. No reasonably close guess can be made as to the enemy's loss, but it was certainly heavy. Our volunteers have had a large share in the attacking movements, and have conducted themselves with uniform steadiness and cool courage. Malolos is now our army's objective point, and it may very likely be taken before these lines are read. Military critics here agree that the advance has been conducted with skill, vigor, and rapidity.

❀

Governor Roosevelt on Army Beef

If the Army Court of Inquiry wanted a clear-cut, positive, well-informed bit of testimony about army beef, they did well to come to New York and listen to what Governor Roosevelt had to tell them. He said that on shipboard at Tampa he found that even the regulars grumbled at the canned "roast" beef; that in Cuba he noticed that when opened a can would show what looked like a layer of slime; that he could not eat it except when stewed with potatoes and onions, and "I could have eaten my hat then," if it were stewed with vegetables; that the men would become ill if they ate the beef; that, "without any qualification," he considered the beef at Santiago "utterly unfit and unwholesome," "unpalatable," "absolutely unfit for human food." Of the refrigerated beef he spoke with less positive condemnation, although he said that sometimes part had spoiled, often the rind was black and spoiled, that it gave most of the men diarrhœa, and that his men generally were sick and weak—more so than the records showed. Governor Roosevelt, as in his testimony before the former Commission, called attention to the fact that his formal reports setting forth deficiencies in food, transportation, and clothing (and, by the way, we are informed that a large part of our troops in Cuba are still unsuitably clothed) had never been included in the published reports. The public, which has a right to see these reports, and means to see them, will know how to interpret the Department's shifty excuse of accidental omission. Important testimony was heard by the Commission before coming to New York. Altogether a hundred or more witnesses in all have now declared the canned beef an abomination. More than one last week declared positively that sickness and death resulted from its use. Several have given evidence tending to show that some, at least, of the refrigerated beef served to the soldiers had been chemically treated. One expert in provisions characterized the product of the canning process by saying that in packing-houses "this mass of insoluble matter would come under the head of tankage, and would be used as fertilizer; it is entirely unfit for human food." And it is at the time that this kind of evidence is being piled up that the War Department snubs and impliedly censures Inspector Breckinridge and General Garlington, of the Inspector's Department, for making any inquiry into the present beef conditions without special orders from the Department!

❀

Dollar and Ten-Dollar Dinners

The most widely discussed political news of the week is Mr. Bryan's refusal to attend the Jefferson dinner planned by Mr. Croker and Mr. Belmont, and his agreement to attend the Jefferson dinner in this city planned by the Chicago Platform Democrats. Inasmuch as the Tammany dinner in honor of Jefferson was incongruously a ten-dollar-a-plate affair, while the anti-Tammany dinner was at a price which squared not only with Jefferson's notions of political simplicity but also with the financial exigencies of most of his following, now as well as then, the humorous aspects of the situation have naturally been fully exploited. The matter, however, has its serious side, for it re-establishes the cleavage in the Democratic

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ranks made by the adoption of the Chicago platform. Mr. Croker and Mr. Gorman—who also is to be present at the ten-dollar dinner—are the political leaders of the Democrats who remained in the party in spite of hostility to the platform of 1896. Ever since the election of that year they have been trying—Mr. Gorman tactfully and Mr. Croker tactlessly—to restore Democratic unity upon old lines. Mr. Gorman, though at first an expansionist, had the shrewdness last fall to see that his party would stand with Mr. Bryan on the Philippine question; but Mr. Croker widened the division on principles by proclaiming himself an ardent expansionist upon commercial grounds. But this difference, as well as the past ones on protection, the income tax, the free coinage of silver, and the treatment of monopolies, Mr. Croker was willing to waive for the sake of harmony. The dinner was to cement this harmony; and when Mr. Bryan refused to attend it, on the ground that his Democracy had nothing in common with that of the men in charge of the dinner, the refusal was meant and received as a declaration that the Democrats he represented would not compromise with those represented by Mr. Croker and his associates.

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The Lynching Atrocities

The succession of lynching atrocities in Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas has justly aroused National indignation more than any outbreak of race hatred since the murdering of the negro postmaster's family over a year ago. In none of the recent outrages was the crime the one which drives even civilized men to madness; in none, apparently, would the punishment of a white man, if convicted, have been death; in all, contempt for the manhood of the negro, and willingness to murder not only the guilty but the suspected, was at the bottom of the lawlessness. In Arkansas it is, indeed, claimed that a negro plot to precipitate a race war was discovered; but those who know the negro dread of a race war will be slow to believe this report, while the terrorizing of all the negroes in the district where seven lynchings took place demonstrated a spirit of brutality on the part of the white participants which cared almost as little for justice as for law. In Georgia, we are glad to state, the Atlanta "Constitution" has condemned the lynching of the five men accused of arson at Palmetto, in terms which show not only respect for law, but respect for the human rights of negroes. But the same paper has printed a letter from the Hon. H. L. Johnson, of Palmetto, declaring that the white Methodist clergy engaged in teaching negroes are chiefly responsible for the arson and mob law; and another letter from Mr. B. L. Blackburn, a prominent citizen of Atlanta, demanding a law "providing that any white person who teaches in negro schools shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for one year for the first and ten years for each subsequent offense." This infamous proposition of Mr. Blackburn was aimed at Dr. Thirkield, the President of the Theological Seminary for negroes at Atlanta, whose deeply felt and strongly worded protests against the atrocities had been indorsed by the ministers of Atlanta and reinforced by a manly and noble protest from ex-Governor Northen. Dr. Thirkield has made an effective reply to Mr. Blackburn, in which he speaks hopefully of a popular awakening. Governor Candler, among others, heartily favors the punishment of the white criminals, even if trial in another county be necessary. Whether there is any similar awakening in Mississippi or Arkansas we do not know; but the succession of atrocities, by reason of their heinousness, have stirred the conscience of the Nation, and that force, if thoroughly aroused, must in the end be obeyed.

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Negro Disfranchisement in North Carolina

The New York "Tribune" has published an interesting letter from Raleigh, North Carolina, upon the political aspects of the proposed disfranchisement of illiterate negroes. The negro voting population at the last census was 109,000 out of a total of 343,000. As three-fourths of the negroes are illiterate as against one-fourth of the whites, an amendment aimed at illiteracy would disfranchise eighty thousand negroes and sixty thousand whites, leaving the white voters in a majority of six to one. The amendment submitted, however, proposes to disfranchise the eighty thousand illiter-

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ate negroes while permitting the sixty thousand illiterate whites to vote, by stipulating that the disfranchisement clause shall not apply to men whose families had the suffrage in 1867. Apparently nearly all the Democrats, a part of the Populists, and a few Republicans are inclined to favor this form of disfranchisement; but the amendment may be lost because of considerations hardly thought of at the beginning. In the first place, it is now recognized that if the courts declare the portion of the amendment aimed at the negro unconstitutional, this declaration will simply invalidate the clause permitting illiterate whites to vote. Enough of the amendment will remain to establish an educational qualification for all, and therefore not only the illiterate whites but all who regard a voice in the government as a right of white manhood fear to vote for the measure. Another political force arrayed against the amendment is the liquor traffic. The great majority of the white people demand some form of prohibition, while the great majority of the negroes prefer high license. The present Legislature, says the "Tribune's" correspondent, has established dispensaries in several counties, to the intense indignation of the liquor men, and the latter are declaring that if the negroes are eliminated from the voting population there is not a county or town in the State that does not contain a majority for local option or even for absolute prohibition. Inasmuch as the liquor element is more likely to act as a unit than the temperance element, this consideration probably means thousands of votes against the amendment. If the National leaders of the Republican party adopt the proposed plan of insisting that the Fourteenth Amendment to the National Constitution be obeyed, and the representation of States disfranchising adult men, except for crime, be proportionately reduced, the amendment may be defeated by a heavy majority; for the Democrats of North Carolina are even less willing than the Republicans to have the representation of their State reduced.

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Good Government and Health

A year ago last autumn the city of Philadelphia voted to authorize the issue of bonds, amounting to $3,200,000, to be used to supply the city with pure water. Owing, it is said, to the inability of two Republican factions in the city government to come to an agreement as to the manner in which this money should be expended, the necessary steps have not been taken, and the water which Philadelphia drinks remains as before, except that it is apparently more deadly than in former years. So far, during the current season, there have been about five thousand cases of typhoid fever, of which about ten per cent. have been fatal. The hospitals are overcrowded, and in many cases cannot admit another patient. The physicians are worked to the extreme limit of their strength, and the resources of the city in every direction are taxed to provide proper care for those who cannot care for themselves. The spectacle of a great city with the intelligence, character, and wealth of Philadelphia, deliberately inviting the visitation of one of the most terrible diseases, throws a singular light on the rudimentary condition of municipal government in this country.

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A Philadelphia Illustration

The problem in Philadelphia is a serious one. Although the city has a population of about 1,200,000, it consumes one-third more water than the city of London, which has a population of 5,000,000. It consumes more water per capita than any other city in the United States, and probably in the world. This is due to one of the most fortunate facts in its municipal life—the fact that it has almost no tenement-houses, and that a greater number of its residents live in detached houses than in any other city in the country; the average number of persons to a house in Philadelphia being only about four and a half. This prodigal use of water is the sign of good conditions and of general wholesomeness; it raises, however, serious difficulties in securing adequate water supply. It is not the fault of the intelligence and the character of Philadelphia that it is now compelled to boil its drinking-water or die of typhoid fever. Year after year there have been vigorous protests, but Philadelphia, like many other cities, and like the State of Pennsylvania, is cursed with the worst form of machine politics; and in the long run machine

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politics, bringing forth bad government, breeds disease and death. When, in this city, the poorer people who are the dupes of Tammany can be induced to study the mortality rates under Tammany rule, they will begin to understand that good government and health stand in very intimate relations. The agitation for pure water is more vigorous this winter than ever before in the history of Philadelphia. Mass-meetings have been held, and the city is determined to rid itself of the responsibility for an enormous increase in the death-rate.

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The New York Legislature

Last week the New York Assembly, by a party vote, passed the three police bills favored by Governor Roosevelt, establishing a single-headed Commission in New York City, providing for a separate and bi-partisan bureau of elections, and prohibiting, under severe penalties, any meddling of the police with the elections. What was most notable in the discussion was the opposition of the Tammany Assemblymen to a single-headed Commission, though the Commissioner was to be appointed by their own Mayor. The present bi-partisan Commission, which enables their organization to avoid responsibility when dividing the spoils, seemed to them preferable. Of course, however, they also urged against the bill that it gave the Governor power to remove the head of the police force in the great Democratic city, while making no corresponding provision for Republican cities. In the Senate the present outlook is that the bills will be blocked by the opposition of two or three Republican Senators, who express a determination either to protect the Republicans now on the New York police force, or to prevent any violation of the home-rule principle. These nonconforming Republicans last week prevented the passage of the bill providing for the submission of a Constitutional amendment requiring the Legislature to meet only once in two years instead of annually. Though the Democratic platform, with the approval of both Mr. Hill and Mr. Croker, demanded the passage of the biennial sessions amendment, the Democratic legislators, with one exception, voted against it, because the trades-unions in every part of the State denounced the change. The trade-union argument, put briefly, was that so great a State as New York had matters demanding public action every year, and that only through their legislators were the working people able to influence State action in their behalf. The advocates of biennial sessions in vain urged the example of smaller States, and the large amount of bad legislation enacted. With no one but the trades-unions appearing against the measure, the Democrats repudiated their platform, and the Republican caucus was unable to keep all the Republican members in line with Governor Roosevelt. The Board of Trade Telephone Bill, to reduce the maximum rate for New York City from $240 to $125—not merely to $150, as we stated two weeks ago—was defeated by a vote of 34 to 15, despite the provision that the lower rate should not be enforced if the company showed to the courts that it would not give them ten per cent. dividend on their invested and accumulated capital. Another bill providing for message payments at the rate of about five cents a message met with a similar fate. These votes in New York were made the more remarkable by the fact that one branch of the Illinois Legislature had just voted unanimously for a $60 maximum rate in Chicago. The bill to forbid four tracks on Amsterdam Avenue is still in a tangle caused by the conflicting interests of the Metropolitan and Third Avenue railway systems. In getting Mr. Croker's indorsement for their bill the reformers lent color to the charge that their bill unduly favored the system in close touch with Tammany, and many Republican legislators, on this avowed grouud, are standing out against it.

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Sweatshops in New York

New York is the center of the clothing trade, and for that reason the city where the sweatshop is most strikingly an industrial and municipal problem. Recently the Brotherhood of Tailors charged that the law was being violated as to sanitary conditions, hours of work, and employment of minors. The Governor appointed Mr. Jacob A. Riis to investigate and report on the conditions of the workshops devoted

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to the manufacture of clothing. Mr. Riis was accompanied by the representatives of labor organizations. In his report, after stating that the conditions had greatly improved, that the tenement-house workshop and child labor had almost wholly disappeared, Mr. Riis made the following recommendations:

My judgment is that the tailors have not made out a case against the factory inspector justifying interference by you. These suggestions presented themselves during the inquiry as obviously fair and promising relief:

First, that more factory inspectors are urgently needed in this city, the present force being wholly inadequate.

Second, that night inspections are necessary to prevent the bosses from working their hands over hours.

Third, that the inspectors could with advantage invoke the authority of the Board of Health oftener than they do, and thus save time.

The report and recommendations will be submitted to the legislative committees now considering bills providing for the licensing of buildings where clothing is made, and an increase in the number of inspectors. The licensing of buildings where garments are made by the State Factory Inspection Department in Massachusetts has driven the sweatshop out of that State. In the Borough of Brooklyn the Health Board has begun an investigation of the district in which a number of clothing-makers have settled, and where the sweatshop abounds. The conditions were found to be unsanitary largely because of the lack of street improvements. Children were found employed contrary to law, and excessive hours of labor prevailed in many of these shops.

❀

The Ahearn Bill

The Ahearn School Bill, which provides for the increase of the salaries of the teachers in the public schools of New York City, has met with opposition from the School Board of that city because it is believed that its provisions are detrimental to the best good of the schools. It provides that increase of salary shall depend on length of service, and makes examinations unnecessary as a test for promotion and increase of salary. The bill was introduced in the Legislature last year and defeated; this year several hearings have been given, and it has passed the Senate. The Governor has now announced his intention to veto the bill if it comes before him in its present form. He expresses himself as heartily in favor of an increase in the salaries of teachers, but holds that the increase should depend on "merit." This position of the Governor has been well understood by the politicians who have backed the bill, and Governor Roosevelt is justified in his statement that these men are not the friends of the teachers, because the keeping of this bill before the Legislature has prevented decisive action on the part of the local authorities. The Governor intimates that he would sign the bill if an amendment were added that based the increase of salaries of teachers on merit. Such an amendment was offered, but was opposed by the sponsors for the bill and by the teachers. Governor Roosevelt points out that the local authorities have the power to increase teachers' salaries, and the passage of the bill would be a violation of the principle of home rule, which is Tammany's watchword.

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English Liberal Programme

At the annual meeting of the council of the Liberal Federation the Liberal programme was definitely marked out. The Federation demanded the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords as an indispensable step toward securing the efficiency of Parliament; it demanded also the reform of the land laws and of registration, and the taxation of ground values; and it urgad upon the country the necessity of cooperating cordially with the Czar's purpose in calling the approaching Peace Conference. Much was said by way of criticism of the expenditures of the Conservative Ministry and of its foreign policy; and the Chairman particularly protested against warlike expeditions for the purpose of extending trade. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannermann, the new leader of the party in the House of Commons, declared that while there are many exhibitions of independence and some of individual eccentricity within the Liberal ranks, there is substantial harmony. The party stands where it did on the question of Home Rule, and must eventually give Ireland what it has demanded—a parliament; when it shall do so is a question of expediency. He drew a distinction between

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the imperialism which looks for the consolidation and development of the Empire, and that imperialism of aggression and "slapping of the breeches pocket" of which he declared there had been many recent illustrations. He emphasized the need of the reforms upon which the Liberal party had planted itself. There are many indications of increasing unity and confidence within the Liberal ranks.

❀

African Questions Settled

The most important event in European history last week was the settlement of the questions between France and England in Africa. There was inflammable material in those questions, and there was a time when it seemed as if that material might be fired; but the two Governments treated the matter with the greatest discretion, and they have furnished another illustration of the truth that difficulties which might easily end in war may be very readily terminated by peaceful methods, if they are settled by reason and not by passion. With the settlement of this question passes away one of the most disturbing clouds on the European horizon. In general terms, under the new arrangement, Great Britain controls the Nile from Alexandria to the Great Lakes, together with the entire region claimed by Egypt before the revolt of the Mahdists. English control will include all the territory from the Nile westward to the twenty-fifth meridian of east longitude. Beyond that point the French will control as far as Lake Tchad. The northern and eastern shores of Lake Tchad will be under the rule of France, German control will touch it at the south, and at the south and west the British Niger territory begins. A great area of territory from Zanzibar to the Mediterranean is now under British authority. France is in possession of a vast territory which has a frontage upon the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Gulf of Guinea, but has no access to the Red Sea or to the Nile; she will be in extent of possessions the next Power to England in Africa. This leaves still to be divided, in northern Africa, Morocco, Tripoli, Fezzan, Liberia, and Abyssinia. With France and England in agreement in northern Africa, and the German Emperor and Mr. Rhodes apparently reaching an understanding in southern Africa, and railroads and telegraphs in rapid course of construction in every direction, the Dark Continent promises to be, instead of a menace to Europe, an immense field for European energy and for civilization.

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Colonel Piquart's Case

Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten the brave fight which Colonel Picquart has been making for truth and fair dealing in the Dreyfus case. The latest turn of affairs has transferred the courageous officer from a military to a civil prison. His connection with the Dreyfus matter, reported from time to time in these columns, is worth repeating here as part of the history of one of the most interesting and mysterious incidents in modern political life. In 1896, when Colonel Picquart was the head of the intelligence bureau of the War Department, he became convinced that Major Esterhazy was the author of the famous *bordereau*, and conveyed his belief to his superiors in the War Office, who promptly sent him to northern Africa, after having examined his correspondence and searched his room. He was then brought before a court martial on the charge of having confided to his counsel the contents of a document addressed to Esterhazy by a German military attaché, and was expelled from the army. Criminal proceedings were also brought against him in the Correctional Court. While he was awaiting trial in prison, Colonel Picquart applied to the then Minister of Justice asking leave to submit certain information at his disposal. The Minister having absolved him from the obligation of official secrecy, Colonel Picquart then declared in a letter, which has since been before the Court of Cassation, that he had inspected four documents which had been submitted to the Dreyfus court martial, and that not one of them incriminated Dreyfus in any way, and that no one would have inferred that they did incriminate him had it not been for the misleading comments of Colonel du Paty de Clam. One of these documents was the paper the forgery of which was subsequently confessed by Colonel Henry, who, it will be remembered, committed suicide. Colonel Piquart declared that

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his declaration would be confirmed by three Generals, and by Paty de Clam.

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Later Developments

This letter added fresh fuel to the hatred of Colonel Picquart which already burned in the breasts of the General Staff; and when he was on the point of being tried in a civil court on the charge of communicating to his counsel the contents of military documents, he was suddenly lodged in a military prison on a charge of forgery, which was to be heard by court martial on December 12. The Court of Cassation then had the Dreyfus matter before it, and interposed and postponed the court martial and gave Colonel Picquart the opportunity of petitioning that he should be tried before the Correctional Court rather than by a court martial. This petition has now been decided in his favor. The charge which Picquart is now to meet—that of forging the *petit bleu*—first came to light at the time of the Esterhazy court martial, and is believed to have had its origin in the necessity of inventing some defense for Esterhazy. It is now said that the *petit bleu* was changed in the War Department after Colonel Picquart left that office; that the name of Esterhazy has been erased and again written in, in a different hand. It is generally believed that a civil tribunal will not find anything worthy of consideration in the evidence against Colonel Picquart; and that if he is tried and acquitted, his acquittal will tell strongly in favor of Dreyfus.

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Antarctic Exploration

This year is likely to prove a memorable one in the history of Antarctic exploration. It is now about time that news came from the Belgian expedition headed by Lieutenant Gerlache, last heard from as being at Terra del Fuego in December, 1897. The plan of the expedition was to reach Melbourne last spring, after a voyage in the far South seas. As the ship did not reach Australia last spring, it was probably ice-locked the past winter, and (if it has not met with positive disaster) should reach civilization within a few weeks. The second Antarctic expedition, that equipped and organized by Sir George Newnes (we learn from an interesting article in the New York "Sun"), has successfully reached Victoria Land—seen by Sir James Ross in 1841, and by the whaler Antarctic in 1865, and the nearest land to the South Pole known to man. This expedition is headed by the Norwegian Borchgrevink, and is carried in the steamer Southern Cross. The plan was to spend last winter in camp on the northern point of Victoria Land, to send the ship back, and this spring to make a dash toward the South Pole by a sledge journey. The return of the Southern Cross shows that the first part of the enterprise has been safely executed. M. Borchgrevink's camp is about 71° south latitude; this latitude shows very significantly how much nearer to the North Pole exploration has reached than to the South Pole. No such "farthest South" is to be hoped for as Nansen's 96° 13′ "farthest North." But in the South Polar sea there are probably all the more possibilities of interesting discoveries because man has penetrated such a short distance into its mysteries. Is Victoria Land part of a great Antarctic continent? is one of the most interesting questions that may be solved by one of these expeditions. Meanwhile much more extended expeditions are being planned by both Germany and England.

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Prophecies of Easter

From the very beginning Jesus of Nazareth seemed to be moving toward some far-off great event. There was a current in his life which steadily bore him onward to those tremendous experiences which have become the supreme events in the history of the race. There was in the very beauty of the song which announced his birth a prediction of the tragedy of his career. In that time no teacher, human or divine, could have stood for the gospel of peace and good will without evoking the hostility of an untaught world. To teach that sublime truth, so far in advance of the thoughts of men, was to set one's feet toward Calvary. In the serene possession of that truth Jesus moved from city to city, lingering sometimes beside the lake, resting sometimes on the mountain-side, seeking at intervals the silence and solitude of lonely and desolate places; touching men's diseased bodies and sick souls,

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and everywhere teaching a truth which condemned the Jewish Church and pierced Jewish conceptions of life like a knife. The preaching of the gospel on the lips of the teacher who was not only to declare but to incarnate it, inevitably carried with it the bearing of the cross and the wearing of the crown of thorns. Christ seemed to be always touching the future. The descent of the dove and the declaration of the voice from heaven at the baptism; the mysterious temptation; the transfiguration; the ministry of angels in Gethsemane—all these events and many others revealed the far-reaching spiritual associations and relations of his life, and prophesied the resurrection and the ascension.

It is easy to read into the earlier passages of a great life a significance which later years make clear; but there was something in Christ's preparatory years and history which unmistakably pointed forward, even when we put the final events out of mind. In the opening chapter of a story we are often aware of the presence of the tragic element, and we know that great and terrible experiences are approaching. In the Greek tragedy the distant feet of fate are heard long before they are audible; in the greatest dramas the strife and storm are divined before the first film of cloud has dimmed the blue overhead; in certain temperaments we instantly detect the presence of inevitable sorrow; in certain traits of character we recognize the approach of distant successes; in certain moral developments we discern the coming of strength, peace, and power. Those who have some degree of spiritual discernment find the unforeseen in life, but nothing of that irresponsible, lawless, unmoral element which men call chance. They cannot predict events, but they do foresee the course which character is to pursue, the fruits which are to be gathered, the outcome of living. The happenings of the world the wise do not foresee, but they can foretell the fortunes of the soul. There is no mystery about this prophetic power; because the element of prophecy is part of the order of the world.

Nothing stops with itself; everything touches, affects, and modifies everything else. The world is full of invisible currents set in motion by innumerable impulses, words, and acts which have been forgotten. We change everything with which we come in contact, and everything changes us. Influences radiate from every personality, are caught up in other streams of influence, modified, reinforced, and sent in new directions, or poured through invisible channels, for centuries. Christ lived and died long ago in Judea, an obscure provincial hidden in the very splendor of Rome; but to-day every art betrays his influence, all legislation bears testimony to his authority, and society is stirred to its depths because men feel that there is a chasm between his teachings and its habits and institutions. We know where things start; we never know where they end. It is customary to mark by tablets or other memorials the places where great men are born, but it is impossible to mark the places where they cease to be. Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon; there he died and there also he is buried; but the end of Shakespeare is not yet, and, so far as can be seen, there never will be an ending of that tremendous force which we call Shakespeare. The place where Lincoln's spirit appeared on earth may be found, but who knows the place where it will vanish from the earth? Socrates has more disciples to-day than he had when he taught in Athens; Plato has more lovers than when his friends heard his voice; Dante lives, almost six centuries after his death, more vividly, deeply, influentially, than in the melancholy years of his exile.

The sense of incompleteness clings to the tragic as closely as to the fortunate happenings of life. Nothing is ever complete in one's experience; in every joy there is something which cannot be seized, and every great sorrow has its prophetic afterthoughts. We are never able to rest in desolation as a finality; the seeds of a new order are sown in every overthrow of the old. The hurricane is no sooner past than nature begins to rebuild; the walls are hardly down before the ivy silently steals up the broken lines and covers the wreck with a beauty which is like a mantle of charity. No destruction is final; everything contains the potency of a further life; the mortal is everywhere penetrated with immortality. To Demosthenes the

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fall of Athens was a final catastrophe; in reality it was the beginning of that leadership which has no limits of time and which runs to the ends of the earth. Even in those appalling tragedies which leave the stage like a night without a star the imagination is unable to rest in what it sees; it inevitably searches for the light which it feels is approaching below or beyond the horizon. The culminating catastrophe of King Lear, the most colossal of all modern tragedies, somehow clears the air; we feel that at last the storm has spent its force, that the singing of the birds will be heard again, and out of the wreck of the shattered world a new world will rise. More than this: we feel that the end is not yet, but that on some other stage Lear and Cordelia are to come to their own.

This prophetic quality in life has its source in the structure of things. In the career of Christ it issues out of his very nature. He is inexplicable if one attempts to explain him in terms of mortality and finiteness. He was in the world, but he was not of it. His contacts were with a larger environment; he acted with reference to ends which were beyond the limits of time; he taught a truth which would have been the most colossal of falsehoods if there had been no indestructible spiritual order; he lived as seeing that which is invisible. The moment we come into his presence we are aware of forces, ends, aims, and a spirit which were not born in this world and do not belong to it. Prophecy issued also out of all the great events of Christ's life. The song of the angels, the voice at the baptism, the agony in the garden, the sublime anguish of Calvary, would have been inexplicable without the light which was reflected back upon them by the angels at the open tomb on the morning of the resurrection. Such a nature and such a life were not formed and fashioned within the narrow limits of time and space; they brought infinity and immortality within the confines of the world. Alone among men, Christ has visibly put on immortality; but that sublime truth does not rest on the resurrection; it rests in the very structure of man's nature and life. Neither is comprehensible without it; neither is ever complete in itself; both affirm its reality and predict its fuller disclosure. The risen Christ does not stand solitary in a vast circle of unopened graves; he is the visible witness to the sublime truth that the grave has no victory and death no sting; for life and immortality are one and the same.

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The Need of Peace

The Peace Conference called by the Czar of Russia will meet at The Hague on May 18, and, as the time approaches, conditions seem to be shaping themselves, not only to lend force to the Czar's appeal for a reduction of armament, but to make his plan appear more practicable. Europe has never seen a more offensive revelation of the spirit of militarism than in France during the last two years. Never has the tendency of the professional soldier, when he ceases to regard himself as the servant of the community and comes to feel himself its master, taken more offensive or unscrupulous forms than in the attitude of the French Staff toward the Dreyfus matter. The easy-going morality which has made it possible for men like Esterhazy to lie as a matter of military obedience, the low standards which have permitted men of high rank to use such tools as Esterhazy and Henry, to say nothing of the tortuous policy which the General Staff appears to have adopted from the first, have thrown into striking relief the vices which the excessive development of the military spirit breeds. In Russia military chiefs have long been in the habit of dictating the policy of the nation. In a country in which there is no public opinion to be considered, it is easy for a group of high military officials to shape public policy to suit the desires of the army rather than the needs of the State and the interests of the citizen.

The real movement of the times is not, however, in the direction of the creation of a military caste; the real movement is in the direction of the assertion of a larger range for the growth of the individual life, for the emancipation of labor from all unnatural and arbitrary restrictions. Modern war is not lightly undertaken. Although Europe has been armed to the teeth for a generation, no war between two Powers of the first class has

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taken place in almost thirty years. The soldier is still a necessary and picturesque figure. He often becomes a heroic figure, and men are glad to recognize his courage and to honor him; but he is to-day a servant in the great movement of the evolution of society, and his existence and his work are justified only as they contribute to that movement. Lord Kitchener, one of the most scientific and successful of modern soldiers, is first of all a constructive engineer; a man who builds faster than he destroys, and who signalizes his victory by the founding of a college.

The multiplication of the possibilities of difference between nations, brought about by the increased number of points at which the Great Powers are touching one another all over the world, has deepened the sense of the danger of war and of the necessity of guarding against that danger. It has been well said that the day has come when the civilized world must police the half-civilized world. Every part of the world being now open to travel and commerce, every part must be made safe for property and life. This is being done in a way by the great nations. They find themselves facing one another in Africa and the Far East, and wherever they face one another there is the chance of collision. Last year the diplomatic world was in continual suspense over the condition in China, and the possibilities of serious trouble between the Great Powers. Not many weeks ago England and France were facing something very like the possibility of war over a question of territory in northern Africa. All these war-clouds have blown over; France and England have come to an agreement, the substance of which is outlined in another column; and there is every prospect that England and Russia will reach an understanding in regard to their mutual interests in China. The great nations are seeking new fields for commerce, new avenues for the play of energy for which room cannot be found at home. Peace is essential for the development of these new fields. It would seem, therefore, as if the new conditions brought about by the extension of influence in the Far East and the Far South would not only make the necessity of partial disarmament apparent, but would convince the most skeptical that it is entirely practicable.

A Word of Warning

The President will do well to study the significance of the honors paid to General Miles in several parts of the country of late as an expression of a very widespread feeling. When President Eliot took advantage of General Miles's visit to Harvard University to speak of "the higher kind of courage which, at the expense of calumny and obloquy, seeks fearlessly to make known the truth," he described a quality which the country at large is crediting to the head of the army. There is a widespread feeling that General Miles is the only man in high position who has recognized from the start the seriousness of the question touching the food supplies of the army in Cuba, and has dealt with it in a straightforward, resolute, and courageous fashion. It is quite true that he may have violated the conventionalities of his position when he allowed his charges to become public through the newspapers; but it may also be true, as General Miles is reported to have said, that the newspapers afforded the only means of getting the matter before the people. It is safe to assume that the War Department is not friendly to General Miles, and that any attempt on his part to secure a thorough investigation of the beef scandals would have received small support from that quarter. The Secretary of War has shown a singular indifference to public opinion and to the serious character of the beef scandal from the very beginning. Moreover, it will be readily understood that General Miles faced the antagonism of colossal financial interests when he made charges which have compelled the investigation now going on.

A curious light is thrown upon the dullness of moral perception in some quarters by the protests against the injury of American business interests by the investigation; as if the question were not whether the Government has been cheated and the men in the field shamefully misused, but whether something is being divulged which may affect the standing of certain American products! The real question is not whether the export of canned meats is going to be interfered with, but whether canned meats are what they are represented to be by their manufacturers. If they are not, then the sooner their export

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is reduced to the minimum the better. It would be premature to comment on the results of an investigation which are yet to be formulated and published; but the evidence is already overwhelming, and any attempt to minimize that evidence or to break its force will not only be met with contemptuous indifference by the country, but will react on the Administration in the most dangerous way. It is to be feared that the President has not appreciated the gravity of this matter. He has not seemed to understand that his own political fortunes and those of his party are at stake; and the best friends of the Administration are those who will open eyes that seem to be blind, and unstop ears that seem to be deaf.

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Are the Churches Christian?

In his volume on "Catholicism, Roman and Anglican," Dr. A. M. Fairbairn well states what is both the ideal of the Christian Church and the standard by which it must be judged. What Christ was in the world his Church should be. It is more than his representative, it is the body of Christ. It is Christian only in so far as it is doing Christ's work in Christ's spirit. "Has the Church made the people among whom it has lived fulfill, individually and collectively, Christ's ideal, or approximate to the fulfillment of it? The latter is a grave question for all the churches. The degree in which they have reached this realization is the measure of their success; the degree in which they have not, is the measure of their failure." Dr. Fairbairn applies this test only to the Anglican Church—perhaps, by indirection and implication, also to the Roman Church; but it is surely one capable of application to all forms of Christian organization, all phases of Christian activity.

The Christian churches in the United States may be conveniently classified in three categories—the Roman, the Anglican, and the Protestant, including in the latter category all those which adopt that principle of ecclesiastical liberty which was the distinguishing utterance of the Reformation. For the purposes of this article the Greek need not be included, for the reason that it is not a potent factor in the religious life of the American people. But to these should be added what, for convenience' sake, we may call the Schools of Ethical Culture, some of which are nominally churches, others of which are not, but all of which do constitute an important factor in the religious life of the Nation. There are certain characteristics which these four organizations possess in common. They are all pervaded by a philanthropic spirit; they all illustrate phases of self-sacrifice; they all believe in the possible betterment of the human race and strive to bring it about; they all labor to ameliorate the condition and elevate the character of mankind; they have all done something to build and carry on asylums, hospitals, orphanages, schools; and the three first mentioned all believe in, and make it their message to declare their belief in, a good God who is the Father of the human race, and whose mercy and forgiving kindness toward his sinful and suffering children are illustrated by the merciful mission of Jesus the Christ. But, in addition to this their common faith and their common life, each has certain distinguishing characteristics on which it generally rests its claim to be pre-eminently the Church of Christ. Measured by the standard which Dr. Fairbairn suggests, how far are these distinguishing characteristics Christian? This is the question which we wish our readers to consider.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Roman Church is infallibility. Its religious and philanthropic activities are paralleled by those of other churches, which also have their charities, their public missions, and their private counselings, though not called "confessions." But the Roman Church is unique in its claim to be and always to have been infallible as an interpreter of the divine will and wisdom. It therefore holds, and must hold, to the traditions of the past; for since it has never erred, it has no error to correct. Says the Vatican Council—and Pope Leo XIII. has just repeated the declaration:

> The doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed, like a philanthropic invention, to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a divine deposit to the spouse of Christ to be faithfully

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kept and infallibly declared. Hence that meaning of the sacred dogmas is to be retained which our Holy Mother the Church has once declared, nor is that meaning ever to be departed from under the pretense or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them.

How does this claim of the infallibility of the past, this insistence upon unrelaxed adherence to tradition, bear the test of comparison with the spirit and method of Christ? There were traditionalists in his day. They insisted that from the ancient oracles there could be no departure, not even under the pretense or pretext of furnishing a deeper comprehension of them. To this school of traditionalists Christ certainly did not belong; with it he had no sympathy; by its traditions he refused to be bound. In the same sermon in which he told his hearers that not one jot or tittle of the law should pass away till all was fulfilled, he departed from the church's ancient interpretation of that law by inculcating "a deeper comprehension" of it. He condemned the theologians of his time for making the law of none effect by their traditions. He publicly and even ostentatiously disregarded certain of the ceremonial laws which those traditions imposed. Over against the notion that truth is a sacred dogma to be perpetually retained as once declared, he affirmed it to be a seed whose sacredness consists in its life and is demonstrated by its growth. That his disciples might not substitute a Christian for a Jewish tradition, he told them that he could not tell them all the truth, but that the Holy Spirit of Truth would reveal all things to them. The belief that God once spoke but no longer speaks, that man once heard but no longer hears, or that all that God speaks to man and man hears in the present must be interpreted only as a repetition of what God spoke and man heard in times past, practically denies, without intending it, that God is a living God dwelling in and speaking through a living Church, and does not represent the Church as a continuance of the Christ on the earth. Christ did not thus believe in an infallible Church, nor limit his own instructions to a repetition of sacred dogmas once for all delivered as a divine deposit to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared. It is not the traditionalism in the Roman Church which makes it a church of Christ; but its schools, its hospitals, its orphanages, its spirit of self-sacrifice, and its ministries of mercy.

The Anglican Church is essentially sacerdotal. It gives the first place to priestly service, a second place to instruction. Its communion-table is an altar, its communion is a sacrifice, its ministers are priests, and its baptism is a rite essential to Christian fellowship. To be without baptism and communion is to be a heathen; so said Dr. Newman while he was still a representative of Anglicanism—the passage is quoted from "Via Media" by Dr. Fairbairn:

> There is a well-known sect which denies both Baptism and the Lord's Supper. A Churchman must believe its members to be altogether external to the fold of Christ. Whatever benevolent work they may be able to show, still, if we receive the Church doctrine concerning the means generally necessary to salvation, we must consider such persons to be mere heathens, except in knowledge.

How does this emphasis on the sacerdotal character and function of the Church bear the test of comparison with the spirit and method of Christ? There was a sacerdotal party in Christ's time. It centered about the Temple, laid stress on ceremonies and sacrifices, impersonated religion in a priesthood to which none could belong who were not in the succession. Dr. Fairbairn well says of Christ that—

> He spoke of himself as a teacher, never as a priest; assumed no priestly office, performed no priestly function, breathed an atmosphere that had no sacerdotal odor, that was full only of the largest and most fragrant humanity. He instituted no sacerdotal office or rite, appointed no man to any sacerdotal duty, sent his disciples forth to be preachers or teachers, made no man of them a priest, created no order of priesthood to which any man could belong.

But, more than this, he told the people, as the older prophets had told them, that obedience and mercy were better than sacrifice; there is no record of his offering any sacrifices for himself or others, or of his recommending his disciples so to do; and while he more than once declared sin forgiven, he never sent a penitent to the Temple to offer the sacrifice which the sacerdotalism of his day regarded as the essential evidence of repentance and an essential condition of divine forgiveness. The religion which in our day insists on a priesthood, an altar, and a sacrifice, does not, in this insistence,

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exemplify the spirit of Christ; for on these things he never did insist. It is not the sacerdotalism in the Anglican Church which makes it a church of Christ; but its self-sacrificing ministry among the poor of the great cities of Great Britain and the United States. What it does not emphasize it has borrowed from Christ; what it does emphasize it has borrowed from Levitical Judaism.

At first sight it may seem that the Protestant churches, including under that general term all not assuming the epithet Catholic, have no one distinctive characteristic. But a little reflection will suffice to make it clear that their distinctive characteristic is the emphasis which they severally put upon certain special features in polity, ritual, or doctrine. They hold the common faith of the Catholic churches, and, with few and rare exceptions, accept the Apostles' Creed as the symbol of historical Christianity. They compete in religious and philanthropic work with the Catholic churches, and maintain missions —domestic and foreign—and establish schools, colleges, hospitals, asylums, orphanages. Christ defined his mission in his first published sermon by quoting from Isaiah and applying to himself these words: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach glad-tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." If this is the mission of the Church, as of Christ, it is performed alike by the Roman, the Anglican, and the Protestant Churches. They are all alike engaged in this ministry. In this respect they are alike Christian.

But as the Roman Church is distinguished by its traditionalism and the Anglican Church by its sacerdotalism, so the Protestant Church is distinguished by its individualism. Each Church claims the right to work and worship according to its own judgment and conscience, and until very recently has denied this right to its neighbor. Even now it insists on the peculiarities of its faith, order, or worship as of vital if not of essential importance. This fact is at once illustrated and demonstrated by the names these churches take. Is the peculiarity one of polity?—the church calls itself Congregational, or Presbyterian, or Episcopal. Is it one of doctrine?—it is called Calvinistic or Arminian or Unitarian or Universalist or Orthodox. Is it one of ritual?—it is called Baptist or Pædo-Baptist. If one believes in Presbyterian polity, he is received, but only on sufferance, in the Congregational church; if he believes in Arminian theology, it is doubtful whether he will be received into a Calvinistic church; and if he believes in infant baptism, he cannot be received at all into a Baptist church.

How does this accentuation of questions of polity, theology, and ritual compare with the method and spirit of Christ? How far does it fulfill Christ's ideal, or approximate the fulfillment of it? The answer is perfectly plain—not at all. The Protestant Church is Christian in spite of its individualism, as the Anglican Church is Christian in spite of its sacerdotalism and the Roman Church is Christian in spite of its traditionalism. Is the question one of polity? What Christ thought about church government can be deduced, if at all, only from a few scattered and enigmatical references in his teaching. Even the word church is mentioned by him but twice. Is the question one of theology? He not only imposed no system of theology on his followers, he cannot be said even to have taught one, and the theologians of different schools appeal for authority to his teachings with equally great confidence and equally little reason. As to baptism, he apparently never baptized, either by sprinkling or immersion, and there is small reason to believe that even one of his original Apostles ever received Christian baptism, or that any except those who were originally John's disciples ever received baptism of any kind. As a condition of fellowship with him he prescribed but one condition—loyalty to him. Whosoever doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, he said, the same is my mother and sister and brother. The heretical Samaritan who had compassion on the suffering was, according to Christ, nearer the kingdom of God than the priest and the Levite who went hurrying by to a church service. The corrupt politician, who dared not enter the Temple where he would have been most unwelcome, but who was penitent, was nearer to God than

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the orthodox and well-ordered Pharisee who satisfied everybody else and himself most of all. And when Christ's disciples, with a zeal much like that often repeated since, reported that they had forbidden a man to cast out devils in Christ's name because he followed not them, Christ told them never to repeat the error, since whoever did good work in Christ's name was Christ's follower. It is not Congregational or Presbyterian or Episcopal polity, it is not Calvinistic or Arminian or Liberal or Orthodox, doctrine, it is not baptizing adults by immersion or infants by sprinkling, that makes a Church Christian; because it is not thus that the Church approximates the fulfillment of Christ's ideal. The Church which follows Christ, and which, recipient of his life, conducts all its work and all its worship that man may receive that life, and that those who have received it may have it more abundantly, is the Church of Christ.

How as to those organizations, sometimes calling themselves churches, sometimes disavowing the title, which give themselves to the work of making men happier and healthier in this present world, while disavowing all knowledge of any other; which endeavor to make men kindlier to one another while disavowing all notion of attempting to teach them God's kindness unto them? These societies are not bound by traditions—they are rather eager to disavow the past; they are not sacerdotal—they have neither altar, priest, nor sacrament; and they lay no stress on creed, ritual, or polity.

No! But do they lay stress on that on which Christ laid stress? "This," he said, "is eternal life, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." He who, in his first published prayer, taught his disciples to pray "Our Father," and closed his last prayer with the sentence, "I have declared to them thy name, and will declare it, that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them," is not followed by those who assume by their silence, if they do not declare by their words, that God is the unknown and the unknowable. That was not Christ's creed. To men who were weary he said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest;" to men who were inert and passionless he said, "I have come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly;" to men manacled by evil habits and evil companionships he said, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed;" to men who were spending their money for that which is not bread and their labor for that which satisfieth not, he said, "I am the bread of life, the bread which came down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die." But why continue quotations? That Jesus Christ did not merely give his auditors counsels concerning physical and moral hygiene, that he proclaimed himself the Saviour of men, is evident in well-nigh every page of the four Gospels, from that first scene in Nazareth in the words, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears," to his last discourse in the Temple, when he told the multitude to call no man master, "for one is your Master, even Christ."

The Church of Christ has neither a tradition for its law, a priesthood for its instrument, a theology for its message, nor ethical culture for its aim. Its law is the life of Christ, the secret of its power is his spirit, its theology is love and loyalty to him, and its end is to inspire humanity to follow him into his companionship with the Father. The Church is the Church of Christ, not because of its traditionalism, its sacerdotalism, its sectarianism, or its secularism, but because, in spite of these relics of the paganism of the past, it is inspiring men to love one another by teaching them the love of the Father.

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The Ethical Revival

Distinguished as is the nineteenth century for its conquests in the physical domain, it will be distinguished in history by the record of the greatest ethical advancement made in any century since the Christian era. The unprecedented triumphs won by the spirit of Christianity appear in the growth of practical philanthropy, in humane and charitable institutions of many kinds, in the temperance reform, the abolition of dueling and slavery, in prison reform, humaner criminal laws, the legal emancipation of women, care for neglected children, etc. With this more ethical attitude toward man, perhaps in consequence of it, have come in more ethical conceptions of God. More than

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in any previous century has theology been ethicized in its teaching as to divine sovereignty and divine sonship, personal freedom and responsibility, mercy and justice, law and penalty, redemption and salvation, Biblical inspiration and authority. Nor has the ethical movement for which the century is thus conspicuous spent its force. Its still rising tide is evinced by the output during the last decade of a larger mass of ethical publications than during all the nine decades preceding. A vigorous Ethical Culture movement has sprung up outside the churches. The study of sociology, with its specific purpose of applying ethical principles to those departments of human activity in which they are as yet imperfectly conformed to, attracts a rapidly increasing interest. And back of all the visible movement is a widespread and deepening popular conviction that ethical principles need to be thus applied in industrial, commercial, and political life, for the restraint of an anti-social individualism, whose greed and corruption cause fears for the stability of our institutions.

By this glance at a century of ethical progress, apparently not yet culminated, we would emphasize our conviction of the present opportunity and duty of the Christian pulpit to take advantage of the rising tide and press forward the ethical revival to completeness. Not to do so would be to forget that Christianity, as Vinet said, "is conscience raised to its highest exercise." Judging by the sermons that we see in print, we should say that the pulpit was never more broadly ethical than now. There are, however, some points in which it may be questioned whether the ethical teachings of the New Testament are even now presented with adequate fullness.

There can be no doubt that *covetousness* is represented by Christ and his Apostles as a sin whose extent and gravity far exceed what is usually recognized in liturgical repetitions of the Tenth Commandment. As distinct from the Mosaic definition of it, which seems to touch none but the man with designs against his neighbor's property, Jesus, in two parables and their context, as given by St. Luke, regards covetousness as the desire of wealth for possession and enjoyment rather than for brotherly service to fellow-men. This meaning is conveyed by the Greek term used for it, *pleonexia*, grasping more. And this is blacklisted by St. Paul (writing in times of enormous contrast between extreme wealth and extreme want), along with the crime of fornication. Yet it is not the sin of the rich more than it is of the poor. It is the sin of all who care for wages more than for faithful work in return, for incomes more than for services rendered, for getting more than for giving full equivalents, for wealth more than for its beneficent uses. In this period of unprecedented fortunes, and the envies and cupidities they excite, there is no sin that gives rise to greater social dangers, yet none so inadequately conceived of among the people, or so needing from the pulpit the radical treatment given to it in the New Testament.

There can be little doubt that the current ideas about property and ownership, about business and citizenship, are far from being ethically adequate. Here is the opportunity and duty of the pulpit to make the ethical spirit of Christianity regenerate the materialism of many a "practical man." That property is stored power for beneficent use; that ownership is burdened with the claims of a society into which every man is born a debtor for every advantage that distinguishes him from a savage; that all legitimate business is a social service; that the morality of every business man is measured by his regard to the social service he performs in it; that citizenship is a trust of political power for the public good rather than an asset convertible to private interests, are moral truths as elementary as any in the second table of the Decalogue, yet far from being recognized as such. And yet, unless so recognized, the larger part of the world's daily activity remains unmoralized. Here, then, seems to be the promising field for the Christian pulpit in its promotion of the ethical revival. Here it will effectively "preach Christ" in degree as it gives emphasis to his ethical demands as Leader and Lord of life in every line of worldly interest. In desiring a revival of religion, be it remembered that, except the revival be characteristically ethical, it is not genuinely Christian, however religious it may be. For, as a recent writer has said, "The real measure of our knowledge of God and likeness to him is the amount reflected in our social relations."

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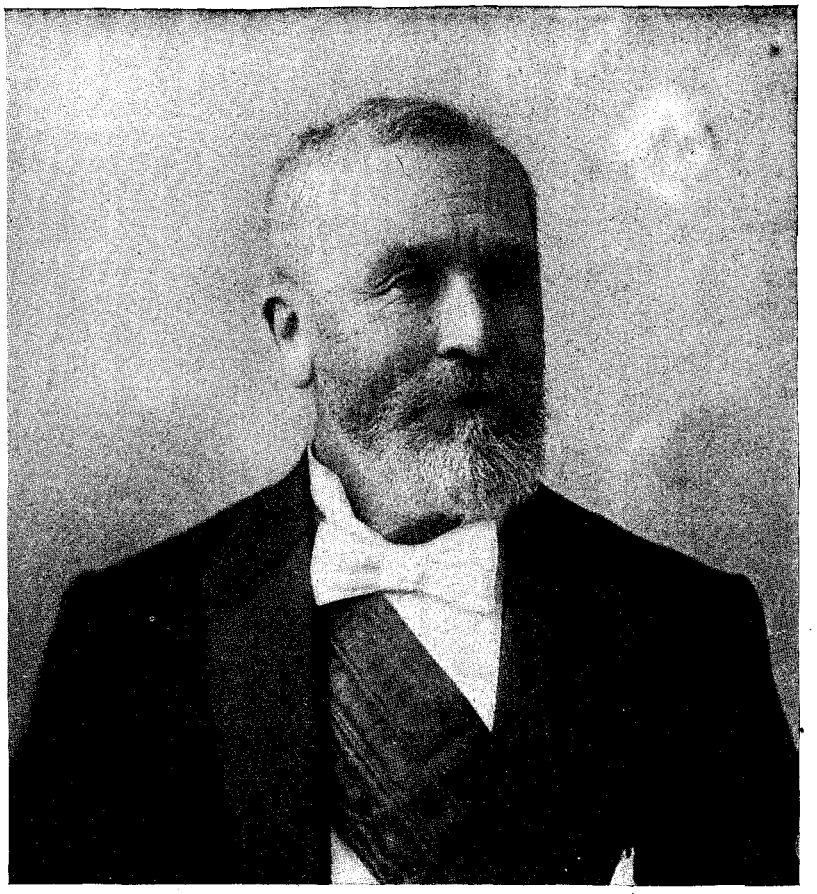

ÉMILE LOUBET
President of the French Republic. Photograph by Joguet Frères.

A Peasant President

By Elbert F. Baldwin

MONTÉLIMAR is a large, clean-looking town on the Rhône, half-way between Marseilles and Lyons. In uniting the good things of South and North, it has a situation like that of our Baltimore. There is a Southern warmth in the frankness and hospitality of the people, and both crops and opinions mature early there. On the other hand, one coming up from the South shivers at a decided snap of cold in the invigorating air, and olives have been pretty generally left behind for mulberries and vineyards. One feels the nearness of Lyons and Burgundy quite as much as that of Provence.

The department of the Rhône, in which Montélimar is one of the chief places, is a hilly country, but between the hills there stretch many rich and broad plateaux. The farms on these plateaux are as good as any in France. They are framed by a fringe of mountains, the outer edge of the Alps. The forests on the upper slopes are restful to the sight, and more than one height repays a visit; for instance, that

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of Rochecourbe, the favorite climb of Napoleon when he was stationed at Valence as lieutenant of artillery.

A drive of ten miles from the town and through the arrondissement (county) of Montélimar brings the tourist to the commune of Marsanne, of which the picturesque village of the same name is the principal place.

Two miles or more beyond in the plain is a large farm known as La Terrasse. One of its bounds is picturesquely outlined by a clear-watered brook of good size, the Laucille, of which a superb line of bastard poplars marks the course. Entering the domain, we drive along by these poplars to a large and solidly built stone farm-house, covered with white-painted plaster and a red-tiled roof. It stands half a mile from any other like habitation. A wing is joined to the main building at right angles, and in this wing—following the tendency to concentrate the dwellings of man and beast hereabouts—are the stables. A huge grape-vine is silhouetted against the white walls. The corner forms the farm court, and across it dogs, ducks, doves, chickens, and turkeys are constantly scurrying. On the other side of the court, but detached from the main house, are hay-barns, sheepfolds, pig and hen houses, and barnyards.

On alighting, one is met, maybe, by the farmer-in-chief, a grizzly old veteran in his blue blouse. Following him, such under-farmers and stable-boys who happen to be on hand will venture forth curiously. We enter the house, and are in a large room with an immense fireplace. On the mantel glisten copper candlesticks, pewter pots, and stable lanterns. On one side there is a tall clock of antique design, and on the walls there are colored lithographs.

The mistress of the farm appears. She is a hardy peasant. Her face is still rosy with the cherry, baked-apple effect of those who have grown old in the open air. Her eyes are expressive and keen and do not give much evidence of her age—eighty-six years. She wears an enormous blue apron, and a large cap with ample strings tied under her chin. She was once poor and had to work single-handed; now she is well off; she has many helping hands; and her competence has been made right here on this kindly soil. Nor is this the only farm she now holds.

MADAME ÉMILE LOUBET
Wife of the President.

Her name is Loubet, and she is the mother of the new President of the French Republic.

He was born at Marsanne sixty years ago. There is a striking resemblance between his face and his mother's.

Sixty years ago Loubet, the father, was a small farmer who had become also a small proprietor, landowner, capitalist, if you will. For France is not only more republican, but also more democratic than one might think from Paris politics and pretensions. In no other European country are so many farmers the proprietors of the soil which they till. Again, Loubet *père*, though a peasant, must have been above the rank and file; anyway, he was so much respected by his neighbors that they made him Mayor of Marsanne, and kept him so for nearly forty years. He was by no means rich, however, and had difficulty in giving to his two sons the education which he ardently desired for them. They were not to grow up as he had done, and they were not to be farmers; the father had definitely decided that, though it might take them away from active connection with his cherished corner of the world. They were to embrace the learned professions: the

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one medicine, the other law. M. Auguste Loubet therefore became a doctor, and delighted his parents by settling at Grignan, hard by. He has now retired from active practice. His house is near the château where Madame de Sévigné died. After the death of Loubet the father, Doctor Loubet long tried to get his mother away from the old farm to his own home, but she as persistently refused, declaring that she loved her hens and chickens much more than she did Madame de Sévigné. The Marsanne people now say that if Madame Loubet would not go to Grignan, so near at hand, she will hardly be induced to visit the Elysée so far away. It is certain that the peasant mother would be far more uncomfortable amid the surroundings of her younger son's palace than at her elder son's house.

To distinguish him from the elder, the younger son acquired the diminutive Loubeton.

His father sent him to the little college at Crest, then to a small seminary at Valence, and finally to the law schools of Burguin and Paris. He came back to Montélimar, and it was not long before he was both a Municipal Councilor and also counsel at his native place for the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway. He pleaded cases there, and also in the wider sphere marked by Orange, Avignon, Grenoble, Aix, Vienne, and Valence. Then he took another step and became Councilor of the Arrondissement.

In 1867 M. Emile Loubet, now thirty-nine years old, married Mademoiselle Marie Picard, eleven years his junior, and, like himself, of unaristocratic birth, though one degree higher in what the French are pleased to term their social scale. Mademoiselle Picard was a *bourgeoise*, and one still reads the name "Picard Aîné" (her brother) on the sign over a little hardware shop at Montélimar. Though hardly a *grande dame* now, Madame Loubet has of course risen in that society which corresponds to her husband's political ascendency. They have three children. The eldest, a daughter, married M. Soubeyron de Saint-Prix, a judge in the Marseilles Tribunal. The older son, Paul, is twenty-six years of age, and has taken his doctor's degree in law. The younger son is still a boy.

The house at Montélimar, which has

THE PRESIDENT PASSING THROUGH THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES AFTER HIS ELECTION

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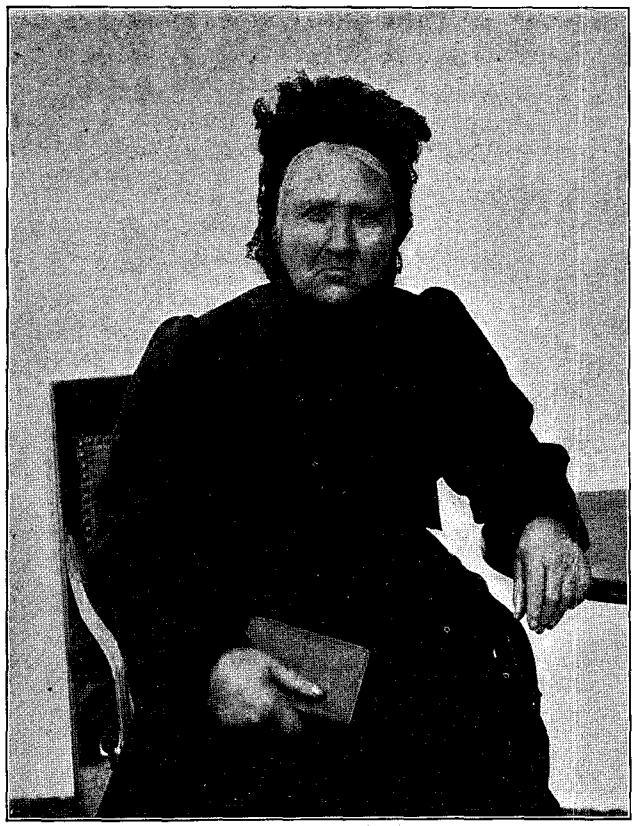

MADAME LOUBET
Mothen of the President. Portrait by Joguet Frères.

been the Loubets' home for over thirty years, is at No. 30 Rue Quatres Alliances, at the corner of the Rue Jeu de Paume. It is a large, four-story affair, and betokens a well-to-do owner. It has no particular architectural merit, and reminds one of many another just such house in France or Italy.

A stone's-throw away, on the corner of the Boulevard, and opposite the charming little park which extends to the railway station, is the Café des Officiers, where M. Loubet likes to take a cup of coffee and have a chat with whoever happens in. Your waiter there, the man who helps you with your baggage at the depot, the shopkeeper and the innkeeper, the photographer and the printer, all have the same eulogistic things to say about their distinguished fellow-townsman. This literal translation from the answers of one of the few coachmen in the place will serve as a sample of the talk. Two-wheeled carts are the rule in the Drôme, and the single seat conduces to confidences.

"And I repeat it, Monsieur, there is nothing in the world that makes better friends between high and low than a good handshake. Now look you at Monsieur Loubet. He is President of the Republic, and I am nothing but a coachman. Yet he was once only a peasant lad no better than I. However, he has risen, step by step, until they say he is just as good as the greatest. Well, do you suppose that Monsieur Loubet ever came back to Montélimar without shaking hands all round? Never. We are not the sort to endure anything else. Nor would he wish it. He is one of us now just as much as ever he was. We are not proud and he is not proud. Why, I never drive past his window in the Rue Quatres Alliances, and he sitting there, when he does not smile back at me, and sometimes he rises and waves his hand so that I shall see him very surely.

"Yes, as I was saying, Monsieur Loubet gives the hand to every one; and he does more; he always has some nice word for you, though his way may not be your way of expressing it. Listen, Monsieur. The Loubets have horses, you know, but every time he comes, he says to me: 'Ah, well, when are you going to drive me over to Marsanne?' He knows that gives me pleasure. Then I reply: 'My faith, Monsieur the Senator, whenever you will.' And sometimes I do get the chance to drive him. You remember, perhaps, that poor Carnot came to Montélimar only a short time before the murder. Of course he had his own horses and state carriage, which arrived before, and his own suite which came with him, but I drove the second carriage, and in that carriage was Monsieur Loubet. It was a great deed for me to keep my horses from biting off the head of Monsieur the President, and to show off our Loubet as well. Ah, shall I ever drive Monsieur Loubet again? He will come

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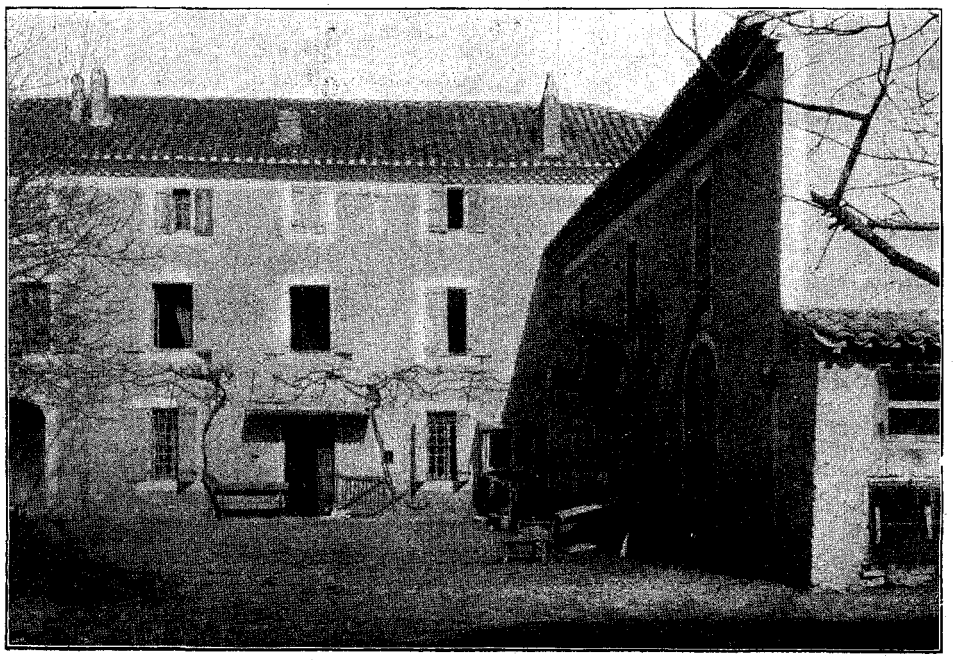
often to Montélimar, just as before, of course—it is a good thing for the commerce of our town that he is President, for many will arrive with him, and the hotels and cafés will gain money; but it is the pomp which will make me trouble all the same. There will be a state carriage with horses and coachmen, just as Carnot had, I suppose, and where will I be?

"Never mind, wait until the day after, and who knows but what I shall be going shooting with Loubeton! For I tell you he is just the same with all the world. He knows every one here, and every one knows him. He makes no attitudes; it would do him no good if he did—at least not in Montélimar. He is good, and he is himself. That is my friend, I dare say to you, Monsieur, even if he has made himself great and we have made him President. After all, it does not matter so much what a man does as what he is.

"Monsieur Loubet gets his goodness from his mother. What a heart of gold, hers! Why, if any man in all Marsanne gets hurt, or a woman has a baby, or a child has the croup, there is that old farmer's wife on hand to aid and bring medicine and be a mother to all the people.

"She will not talk with strangers if she can help it, because she does not speak much French, and they do not usually understand our dialect. She will see you, however, Monsieur the stranger, I am sure, because I am driving you there, and she has never refused me anything. Our dialect is not so difficult, however. In it, for instance, the word Loubet means little wolf—perhaps it was once loupet. The little wolf is now such a big man, is it not so?

"I drove Monsieur the Sub-Prefect over here the other day. He had to come to confirm to Madame Loubet, on the part of the State, the announcement of her son's election. It was his duty to carry the great news—how do you say?—officially. Very well. The mother had already had it in a despatch from her grandson, the little Paul. She had wept and had said that she would lose Monsieur her son, and never see him again. She would rather see him, you know, than have him President. When we arrived, she had ceased to make tears, but was still sad. When they told her that we were coming up the driveway, she went up to the first floor, so that she might receive Monsieur the Sub-Prefect in her parlor. I do not think that she was glad to see him; and since then many gentlemen have been alighting from



THE COURTYARD AT LA TERRASSE
The Home of the President's Mother.

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trains at Montélimar and inquiring the way to Marsanne. She does not want to see these gentlemen, I know, and so she tells the men on the road to say she is not well. That is a joke, that she is not well.

"Yes, most men shoot a little here, and especially over there, Monsieur, beyond Marsanne, in the woods; but I hear that further south, in Provence, every one shoots; the women shoot, too. What do you say? A tarasconnade? I do not know, but likely enough it is some story out of Tarascon or Avignon. It seems that they exaggerate everything down there. Well, what we do up here, we do. We are serious people. We tell no wrong stories.

"Montélimar is a town very tranquil. In the evening there is absolutely nothing too noisy. Even if there are places to which one set of people go, and others for another set, we are really one family. You noticed our nice theater, our only one? You will see us all there. Sets? Yes, of course; some families have more pretensions than others—is it not so everywhere? But no one ever really boasts of aristocracy here. As I said before, we are not proud. We have here nothing of two things which make people proud; we have no nobility and we have no great fortunes. Oh, I had forgotten that poor old ruined Marquis de ——, but no one ever notices him. Where else will you find a title in the arrondissement? We have no nobles, and we do not want any. Plain man is good enough for us. Then, though I say we have no great fortunes, on the other hand I am happy to declare to you, Monsieur, that we have hardly any poverty. Ah, poverty, what a misery! Think of Paris, full of it, they say, and yet full of the richest people, too. Here in Montélimar we have no such extremes, and therefore we live a pleasant life without envy."

MADAME LOUBET RECEIVING THE TELEGRAM THAT ANNOUNCED HER SON'S ELECTION

In 1870 M. Loubet became Councilor-General, and then, Gambetta's influence aiding, Mayor of Montélimar. He has held the latter position ever since. His fellow-townsmen say not so much, "Vive le Président," as, "Poor Monsieur Loubet, he will wonder how Montélimar will get on without him as Mayor!" In the same home-centered spirit, on first hearing the news, Madame Loubet *mère* said: "My poor Emile, I have not been seeing him much lately, and now that he has gone up in grandeur I shall never see him again."

In 1876 he was chosen Deputy, or, as we should say, Member of Congress. To his labors at the Chamber he brought no striking oratory, as did his friend Gambetta, but he had what many orators lack—a complete mastery of detail. His was not the empty sonority—*vox et prœterea nihil*—of too many Southern Frenchmen, but he could tell Parliament all about the various budgets, and in such a clear way, too, that the veriest dolt must understand. Like Gladstone, he knew how to make such dry bones live. The task was not so great, after all, for one whose manner of work had always been methodical, and whose life had ever been ordered by economy in the expenditure both of time and money.

To this capacity for taking pains must be ascribed his election as Senator in 1885, and in 1887 his appointment as General Reporter of the Budget. He was now mounting rapidly. In the first Ministry after President Carnot's election, Premier Tirard offered the portfolio of Public Works to M. Loubet, who accepted it; but when the Tirard Cabinet fell, he refused to be a Minister in its successor, as he disapproved of the new Premier's (Floquet's) attitude. Four years later, when the Freycinet Ministry went to pieces, the President called on M. Loubet to form a Cabinet. He did so, and thus became Prime Minister of France, taking also the portfolio of the Interior. During his Premiership he was reproached

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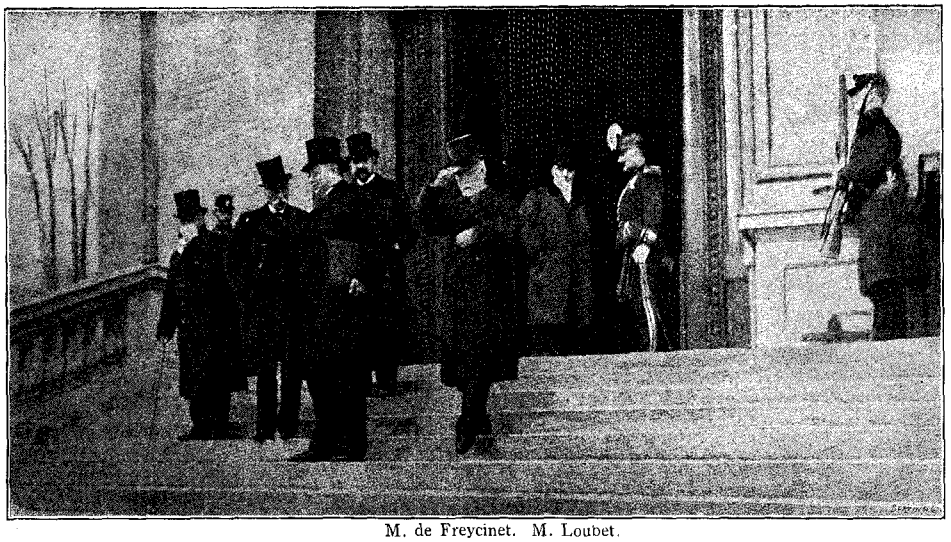

M. de Freycinet. M. Loubet.

DEPARTURE OF PRESIDENT LOUBET AND HIS CABINET FROM THE FIRST MINISTERIAL COUNCIL OVER WHICH HE PRESIDED

(and is so still by his enemies) with having interposed to prevent too much publicity regarding the Panama scandal, thus also preventing a revolution and a possible end of the Republic in favor of either one of the precious pretenders to the throne. M. Loubet's own honesty was unsmirched by Panamism, and he simply chose the less of two evils.

By this time men knew that he had two sovereign qualities in this age of makeshifts—competence and clearness. These eventually gained for him the envied succession to Jules Ferry and Challemel-Lacour, the Presidency of the Senate; and so well did he fill that place that his colleagues again and again elected him to it. Having thus occupied the second magistracy of the Republic to the general satisfaction, he was the logical candidate for first place when President Faure's death made it vacant, and he was easily elected on the first ballot by an overwhelming majority. No statesman's advance from the bottom to the top has ever been more normal.

In his capacity as President of the Senate, it became his duty to preside over the National Assembly (the Senate and Chamber of Deputies united), which, within two days from the death of the lamented President Faure, met for the election of his successor. The men who placed the provision in the Constitution calling for an immediate election must have well understood certain Gallic traits. Fancy the chance for cabals and counter-cabals and general jobbery and riot if France had to endure such a Presidential campaign as exists on our side of the ocean! It is bad enough with us; in France it would be tenfold worse.

During the voting the other day, M. Loubet was the object of some insults from the miscalled Nationalists (one respects the man for the enemies he has made), but in general he was treated as became his dignity and candidacy, for no candidate was ever more completely the choice of Republican France. After the election, the First Vice-President of the Senate took the chair and officially announced the result to M. Loubet. The departure from Versailles was characterized by the same ceremony which has marked other similar occasions, and a special train conveyed the new Chief of State to Paris.

A few days later, following precedent, President Loubet sent a message to the Senate and Chamber in which occurs the following passage: "The rights which I possess under the Constitution I shall not permit to become weakened in my hands." This strikes the keynote of M. Loubet's character—firmness. Not a genius, not a brilliant or even an energetic man, as these words are understood in America, the new President is still what the French most need, a firm man.

The peasant of Marsanne is now Presi-

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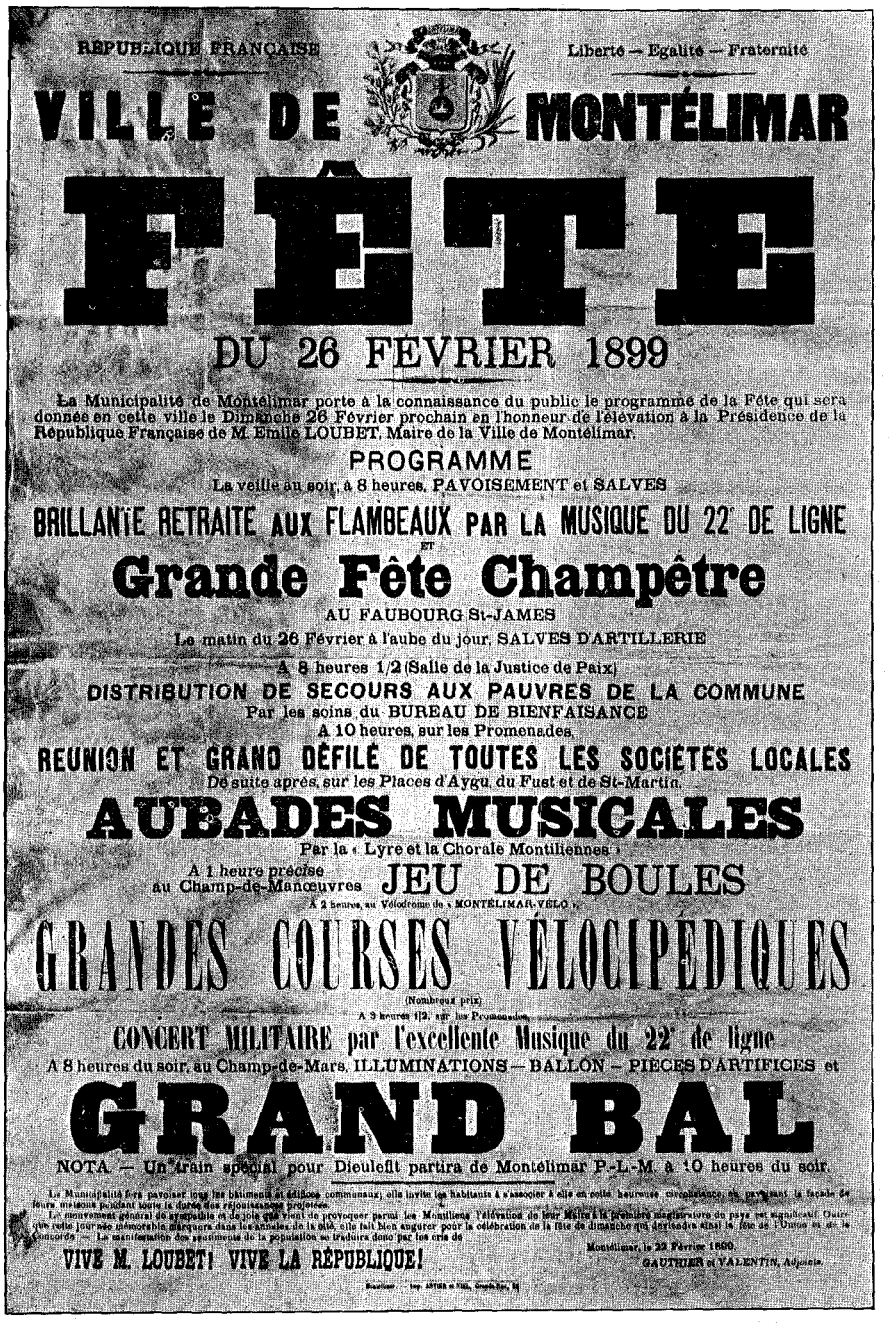
RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE — Liberté — Égalité — Fraternité

VILLE DE MONTÉLIMAR

FÊTE

DU 26 FÉVRIER 1899

La Municipalité de Montélimar porte à la connaissance du public le programme de la Fête qui sera donnée en cette ville le Dimanche 26 Février prochain en l'honneur de l'élévation à la Présidence de la République Française de M. Emile LOUBET, Maire de la Ville de Montélimar.

PROGRAMME

La veille au soir, à 8 heures, PAVOISEMENT et SALVES

BRILLANTE RETRAITE AUX FLAMBEAUX PAR LA MUSIQUE DU 22e DE LIGNE

ET

Grande Fête Champêtre

AU FAUBOURG St-JAMES

Le matin du 26 Février à l'aube du jour, SALVES D'ARTILLERIE

A 8 heures 1/2 (Salle de la Justice de Paix)

DISTRIBUTION DE SECOURS AUX PAUVRES DE LA COMMUNE

Par les soins du BUREAU DE BIENFAISANCE

A 10 heures, sur les Promenades

REUNION ET GRAND DÉFILÉ DE TOUTES LES SOCIÉTÉS LOCALES

De suite après, sur les Places d'Ayguˆ du Fust et de St-Martin.

AUBADES MUSICALES

Par la « Lyre et la Chorale Montilliennes »

A 1 heure précise au Champ-de-Manœuvres — JEU DE BOULES

A 2 heures, au Vélodrome de « MONTÉLIMAR-VÉLO »

GRANDES COURSES VÉLOCIPÉDIQUES

(Nombreux prix)

A 3 heures 1/2, sur les Promenades

CONCERT MILITAIRE par l'excellente Musique du 22e de ligne

A 8 heures du soir, au Champ-de-Mars, ILLUMINATIONS — BALLON — PIÈCES D'ARTIFICES et

GRAND BAL

NOTA. — Un train spécial pour Dieulefit partira de Montélimar P.-L.-M. à 10 heures du soir.

La Municipalité fera pavoiser tous les bâtiments et édifices communaux, elle invite les habitants à s'associer à elle en cette heureuse circonstance, en pavoisant la façade de leurs maisons pendant toute la durée des réjouissances projetées.

Le mouvement général de sympathie et de joie qui vient de provoquer partout les Montiliens l'élévation de leur Maire à la première magistrature du pays est significatif. Chacune cette journée mémorable démontre dans les annales de la cité, elle fait bien augurer pour la célébration de la fête de dimanche qui clôturera ainsi le fou de l'Union et de la Concorde. — La manifestation des sentiments de la population se traduira donc par les cris de

VIVE M. LOUBET! VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!

Montélimar, le 23 Février 1899.

GAUTHIER et VALENTIN, Adjoints.

Montélimar — Imp. Jules Roche et Fils, Grande-Rue, 14

A POSTER

Announcing the fêtes at Montélimar, M. Loubet's home, in honor of the President's election.

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dent of France, but the man himself remains the same—simple, modest, unaffected, affable, brusque, hearty, one who has an instinctive horror of the grandiloquent. An illustration of his abhorrence of fuss has just occurred. He had finally decided to move into the Elysée. He had to go some time. He sent his trunks ahead in the first fiacre which happened along past his former residence at the Luxembourg. The cab was a shabby one; it might have disgraced the night service. The President followed it with his people in an ordinary landau. Learning, however, that an entire regiment was waiting in the Elysée court, ready to present arms, that a band would play the Marseillaise, and that numerous representatives of the different Ministries were lining the grand staircase, the peasant President suddenly ordered the coachman to take him for a drive. The baggage arrived, but not the Chief of State. He was spending a delightful hour in the Park, probably enjoying some spice of malice in thus cheating the pomps and ceremonies. When it got dark, the functionaries and crowds at the Elysée decided that the President would not arrive that night and went away. Fortunately for fastidious France, when her chief dignitary did at last appear, there were twenty-six Municipal Guards with their Lieutenant still waiting. M. Loubet dined at eight, and those who are familiar with the rare dishes which make up even an ordinary French bill of fare may be interested to note the entrance of simpler living in the Elysée. The menu read: Soup, soles, roast beef, chicken, and vegetables. This would hardly surprise his brother Senators, who say that his invariable luncheon is restricted to a chop and eggs. By eleven o'clock every one was asleep at the Elysée. While such simplicity characterizes the private life of the new President, the appropriate entertainments which he gave as Minister and as President of the Senate are evidences that Elysée hospitality may continue to be on the splendid scale which the French like to see in their high places.

The principal question which has been bothering the President, so his friends say, has not been the Dreyfus case, but, Should he do violence to official mourning by visiting the Exposition Agricole?—a farmers' fair which he never likes to miss. This fair is held every year in the vast Galerie des Machines at the Champ de Mars, which all visitors to the 1889 Exposition will remember. M. Loubet solved the question by going, and it was easy to see that he had a good time. Indeed, his first official visit was fittingly made to such a place, for, as he remarked to the farmers, he had himself been a "rural," and he never wanted to forget it. He added that he had been born on a farm, and that he expected to return there when his commission from the people had run its course. It must have been a satisfaction to every son of the soil to note the ex-President of the National Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, now the President of France, walking about among the cows and sheep and pigs and hens and farming machines and bottles of wine and bottles of milk and cheeses and vegetables and the other things that belong to agriculture, inspecting all with the eye of a connoisseur and talking familiarly and unpatronizingly, and in exactly the same manner, now to a stable-boy, now to the Minister of Agriculture. The farmers were not slow in observing this, and one of them remarked, intending it as the highest compliment, "That's a man like other men." It was the Montélimar verdict over again.

Here he comes now, down the aisle between the cattle, a short man and stocky, at a distance reminding one somewhat of ex-President Benjamin Harrison. A rather round face, aquiline nose, firm mouth, deep-set eyes, dark complexion, against once blond, now whitish hair and beard, above all the accent of the Midi—that is Émile Loubet. He looks what he is, a man of sober, sturdy good sense, and of as continual good humor.

Once upon a time Frenchmen were born serfs or kings, and died so, but the last two rulers of France have risen, step by step, the one from his tanner's bench, the other from his peasant farm. They have risen solely by personal worth; there has been no "political pull." Can we think of men more truly the architects of their own fortunes? The successes of Faure and of Loubet are even more significant of the approach of direct democracy than were the successes of Lincoln and Grant.

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THE BOY CHRIST

From Heinrich Hofmann's "Christ in the Temple with the Doctors."

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The Face of Christ in Art

Is the Portraiture of Jesus Strong or Weak?

Opinions collected by Kate P. Hampton

IN spite of all proof to the contrary, the traditional likeness of the Christ, as preserved to us, will always possess an interest far above the likeness of all other men, and the interpretation of the sacred figure as we know it from master hands will be a theme for our veneration so long as the world lasts.

It was this general interest, and the remark of a friend, one Sunday afternoon, as we walked through the American Art Galleries looking at Tissot's collection of wonderful pictures of the life of Christ, that suggested to me the idea of finding out, if possible, what several leading clergymen of New York thought in regard to the following question: "Does the face of Christ, as depicted in ancient and modern art, realize your idea of a strong face?" My friend had remarked: "I have never seen a face of Christ that was not a weak one." I seized upon the idea, with the result that I have made a collection of valuable letters, each one written by the clergyman himself; and in this way the highest and best sort of criticism has been secured, as I believe it has never been before.

I must confess that it took some small amount of courage, though I was on moral intention bent, to ring the bell of the various houses, rectories, and "studies," send in my card, and, on the appearance of the clergyman himself, present my question. Except by one person (whose name is not given), I was always received with great courtesy and attention, and my request for a written opinion granted, unless lack of time and other engagements prevented.

My interview with Archbishop Corrigan elicited but one remark; in reply to my question whether Christ's face in art satisfied his ideals, he replied, "Certainly it does, certainly;" and, with some disappointment, I was forced to accept the *ex cathedra* dictum. I left him standing in the glory of the morning sunshine, his small figure slightly bent, his eyes half closed, the gold cross glittering on his breast—a picture of mediæval interest.

Another specially interesting response was that received from the Rev. John Watson, D.D. (Ian Maclaren). In reply to my question (given below) Dr. Watson said: "My conviction is that the holiness in Jesus's face is strength, and redeems it from any shadow of weakness."

THE QUESTION

Does the face of Christ, as depicted in ancient and modern art, realize your idea of a strong face?

THE ANSWERS

FROM THE REV. ROBERT R. BOOTH, D.D., LL.D.
Pastor Emeritus of the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, New York City

The question of the impression of strength in the current pictures of the face of Christ involves also the inquiry whether there is reason to attribute any authenticity to the type which such pictures represent; for if they are merely imaginary, there can be little interest in such an inquiry. Upon this primary question I venture to suggest that a good deal of light has been thrown by a recent work entitled "Rex Regum," by Sir Wyke Bayliss, London, which has for its object to show that from the earliest times of the Christian era there has been a succession of sketches, more or less carefully made, which all present the face of Christ in a manner strikingly suggestive of a well-known and distinct original. Some of these I have seen in the Catacombs and in the old churches of Ravenna, and also in the work of the eleventh century at the Cathedral of Monreale in Sicily.

If we take for granted the resemblance which this continuous line of sketches seems to imply, the question which you

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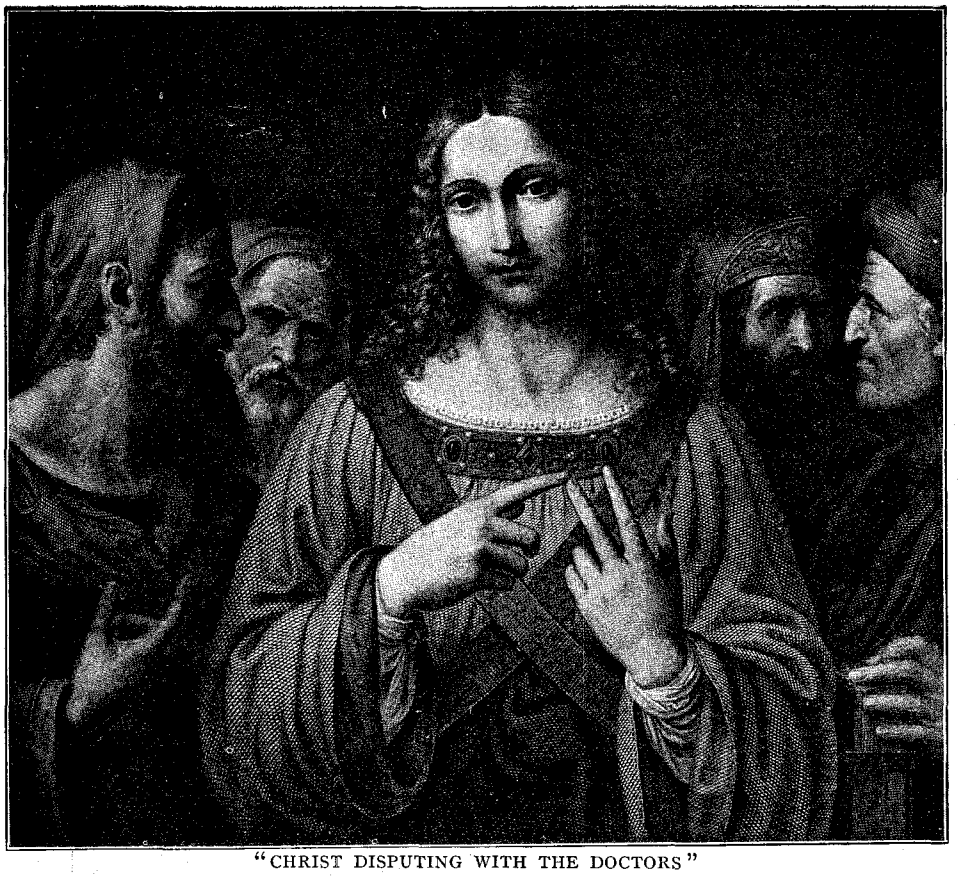

"CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS"

Painted by Bernardino Luini, a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, in 1525.

suggest is one of great interest. For myself, I should be inclined to answer in the negative. The impression of strength is less present than that of sweetness and light. The traditional type, in other words, seems to me to embody the sympathizing, suffering Christ, "the Christus Consolator," rather than the strength which breaks down opposition by a look or a word. And who would have it otherwise in the Christ we cling to?

FROM THE REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK

Of the Second Unitarian Church, Brooklyn, New York

I could answer the question in one word, "No." I do not think the Christ face in Christian art, early or modern, a strong face. But sometimes it is, I think, very beautiful—in Thorwaldsen's bust, for example. The majority of the paintings (and I have seen hundreds in the European galleries) suggest a personality almost as lackadaisical and gelatinous as the literary Christ in General Wallace's "Ben-Hur." Titian's representation in the picture where he is answering the woman with a piece of money seems to me one of the best, but far from satisfactory. (By the way, it is an interesting idea that the conventional Christ face is formed upon some early bust of Plato.) Frequently the attempt to make him seem different from man has resulted in making him less than human instead of more. Early artists are said to have been guided by the texts in Isaiah lii., liii., "He was more marred than any man," and "He had no beauty that we should desire him." Of American attempts, Carpenter's was very noble and beautiful, but its colossal size only aggravated its lack of strength, while William Page's was mushy in its sensuous and emotional softness. Tissot and Munkácsy do not break with the conventional type. Meantime many faces of the infant Jesus are entirely satisfactory, the Sistine at the head; and Murillo's little boy in the National Gallery and Holman Hunt's

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Jesus in the Temple are all I could desire. I remember that Mr. George William Curtis had the idea that Hunt tried to develop the baby of the Sistine Madonna into a boy of twelve. With a new sense of the unqualified humanity of Jesus, we shall be more likely, I think, to get some representation of him in art that will be more nearly what it ought to be.

FROM THE REV. MORGAN DIX, D.D.
Rector of Trinity Church (P. E.), New York City

I have great difficulty in replying: first, because the range of your inquiry is so vast; and, secondly, because the term "a strong face" is so vague. When thinking of the face of our Lord in art, I go through an almost immeasurable portrait gallery: the Byzantine mosaics; the pictures of that era; the early and later Italian schools, beginning with Cimabue and ending with Perugino and Raphael; the missal paintings; the Books of Hours; the frescoes; the Renaissance; the modern French, German, English, and Spanish schools; the Rembrandts, Murillos, Titians, etc., etc. It is absolutely bewildering; and there is such an immense amount of material demanding comparison before an intelligent answer could be given, that I stop at the outset, unable to select from these any one type or specimen of which to speak.

And, then, what is a strong face? What features characterize it, as distinct from a weak one? Is it to brow, or mouth, or lips, or general cast of expression, that we are to look for hints? Again I am baffled.

I shall not attempt to answer your question. But I will add a few thoughts of mine bearing on the general subject.

It must have been the will of God that we should not know, in after years, what the Lord looked like. The wish to know is as idle as it is universal. But our ignorance on this point seems to me to give a test of what we are ourselves: the man who tries to tell himself or others what Christ looked like seems to me to be showing what he himself looks like to the eye of higher beings.

Two things must be kept in mind always: the full, true, perfect Godhead in our Lord; the equally full, true, perfect manhood. Lose either of these, and you have lost the truth. The Christ face was

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD"
Painted in 1854 by Wilham Holman Hunt, an apostle of the Pre-Raphaelite School.

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the face of one who was at once perfect God and perfect man. If in trying to depict it you leave either character out, your work is a failure. But who can paint the face of him who was God manifest in the flesh?

It seems to me that the strong and the weak, in human attempts at depiction, vary just as the artists themselves are strong or weak in their hold of the double truth. The worst, the most hopeless, error is that of dragging Christ down to the level of a mere man like one of us; and this loss of the idea of his Deity, together with the modern exaggerated cult of philanthropy, sweetness, good nature, etc., has produced those feeble, mawkish, sickly portraits of Christ from which I, for one, turn in impatience and disgust. Whenever and wherever, in ancient or modern art, I find a strong face of our Lord, I recognize it as strong because God, perfect God, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, is looking at me through the veil of the flesh.

One word in addition. This age is asking, as no other ever asked before, about Christ; who and what he was, in himself and toward us? No one can tell the final outcome of this wild quest; wild, when conducted apart from the old answers of the Catholic Creed. But of one thing I am certain, convinced by many signs of the times: that the further the humanitarian and simply philanthropical theory is pushed, and the more the divine is eliminated in him, the weaker will the face of the Lord appear as delineated in art, and the feebler will be his hold on the minds, consciences, and hearts of men. If he was not, at every stage of his existence, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, he was the greatest impostor the world ever saw, and the worship done to him is false and wrong.

I beg your pardon, first, for not answering your question, and, secondly, for inflicting on you what you may deem to be of no more value or importance than the *obiter dicta* of an individual little fitted to speak or write on so dread a subject as this, or so far beyond the legitimate range of our thoughts.

FROM CARDINAL GIBBONS
Of the Roman Catholic Church

Your favor of the 25th was received to-day. In reply, I beg leave to say that the face of our Lord which I am most accustomed to see expresses both strength and kindness.

We should rather study the interior of that life, which has been, as he promised it should be, "the light of the world." For it was more by his life than by his words that he has exerted his influence over the world.

Our Saviour never inculcates any duty that he does not himself practice in an eminent degree. No matter how fast we may run on the road to perfection, he is ever before us. No matter how high we may soar, he is still above us, inviting us to ascend higher, as the eagle entices her young to fly. No matter how much we may endure in the cause of righteousness, we find him laden with a still heavier cross, and bearing deeper wounds. He sweetens the most unpalatable ordinances by the seasoning of his example.

Jesus taught by example before he taught by word. We are drawn toward him more by the charm of his life than by the sublimity of his doctrine and the eloquence of his speech. The sermons of our Saviour inspire us, indeed, with esteem for virtue, but his conduct stimulates us to the practice of it. Never did any man speak as Jesus spoke. The most admired discourse that he ever delivered was the Sermon on the Mount. But even the Sermon on the Mount yields in force to the Sermon from the Cross. And if, like the scribes and Pharisees, our Lord had restricted his mission to the preaching of the word, without illustrating that word by his glorious example, he never would have wrought that mighty moral revolution which has regenerated the world, nor would he be adored to-day by millions of disciples from the rising to the setting sun. When asked by the disciples of John whether he was the true Messiah, he laid more stress on his deeds than on his preaching. "Go," he says, "and relate to John what ye have heard and seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, . . . the poor have the gospel preached to them."

When we hear our Saviour saying on the Mount, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," we are impressed with the sublimity of his teaching. But when we *see* him acting out his words, "The foxes

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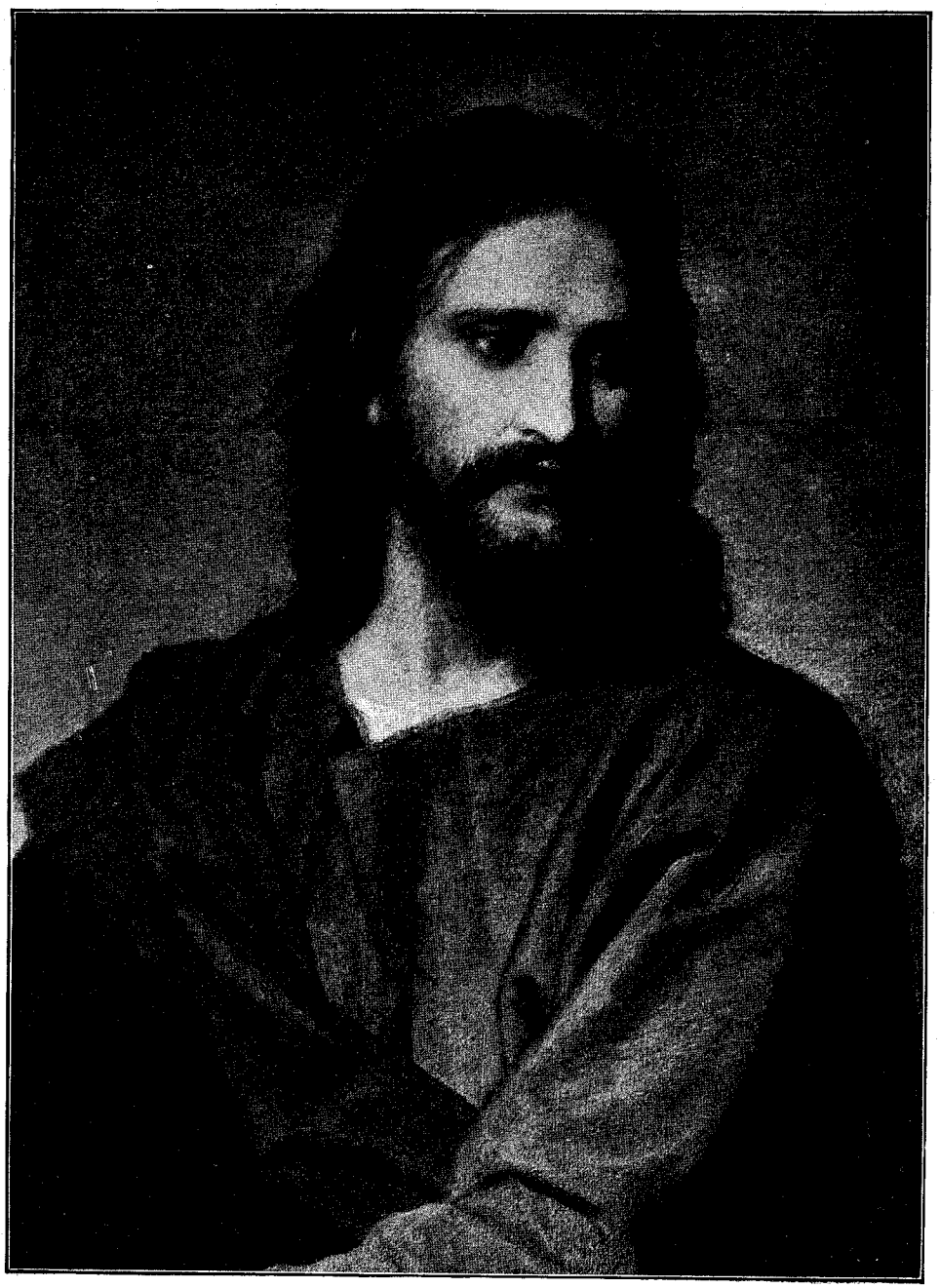

HEAD OF CHRIST
By Heinrich Hofmann.

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have holes, and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head"—oh, then we are made to feel the blessedness of voluntary poverty; we cherish and embrace our Teacher, who, when he was rich, became poor for our sake. When we hear him say, "He that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," we admire the virtue of humility. But when we *see* him at the Last Supper laying aside his upper garments, girding himself with a towel, pouring water into a basin, and washing the feet of his disciples, then that virtue assumes for us special attractions. When we hear him say, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy," we are delighted with his doctrine. But we are more profoundly moved when we *witness* his compassion for the hungering multitude in the desert, and his mercy shown to the erring Magdalen. When he says, "If you will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you," he is clothing an old commandment in new words. But when he prays from the cross for his executioners, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," he gives a sublime lesson of forgiveness never before exhibited by sage or prophet.

When we listen to these words: "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake," we are in admiration at his doctrine. But when we behold the innocent Lamb himself accused of being a blasphemer, a seditious man, and a disturber of the public peace, we are consoled in our trials, and calumny loses its sting.

Beautiful above the sons of men was Jesus in his glorious transfiguration; but far more beautiful is he to us when suspended from the Cross. The crown of thorns is more comforting to us than the halo that encircles his brow on Mount Tabor.

FROM RABBI GUSTAV GOTTHEIL, D.D.

Of the Temple Emanuel-El (Jewish), New York City

I have never seen a picture of the being called Saviour of the world in which strength was a marked feature, or even indicated. Naturally so, because the being was not a man of flesh and blood, but the creation of theological fancy and dogmatic construction. He achieved his triumph, not by bravely facing his foes, meeting force with force, but by yielding and surrendering himself to them. Logically considered (which, in so many cases, is the opposite to theologically), his enemies triumphed over him.

He is worshiped as the "gentle Jesus, the man of sorrows, the lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, the suffering Messiah," and so forth; and with such a being strength of will and forcefulness of character are incompatible, although we all know that no evil in this evil world, worth dying for, has ever been destroyed by mere bearing it meekly. Yet it was on this kind of victory alone that the Church has built her dogma.

In so far she was right, as not a single act of what we understand by manly strength and bravery is recorded of Jesus in the Gospels. Miracles are the easiest possible method of meeting opponents successfully—provided you can work them.

Ary Scheffer's famous picture of the Temptation expresses tremendous strength on the evil side, ideal weakness on the good. Such, I am sure, was not the man who could say to Satan, Get thee behind me! That moment (although, of course, merely symbolic) offers a situation in which a great depth of force might be reflected from forehead, eye, mouth, and figure. I am not familiar enough with all the masterpieces of the brush to say whether or not it has been attempted. But, to be true, it must of necessity be the portrait of a Jew with his racial characteristics deeply sunk in his face; and would not this be a shock to Christian sensibilities?

I shall probably be hooted at for my impudence in saying what I am going to say; I will say it nevertheless—this, namely, that Raffaello's world-worshiped Madonna always appears to me as the highest type of idealized "unnaturalness;" and that is not divine.

It looks to me (pardon the rudeness) like a mother exhibiting her baby. Their eyes are turned away from themselves; the two are not each and all to one another, as mother and child should be, and as highest types of this relation ever were in Judea: they exist for other plans and

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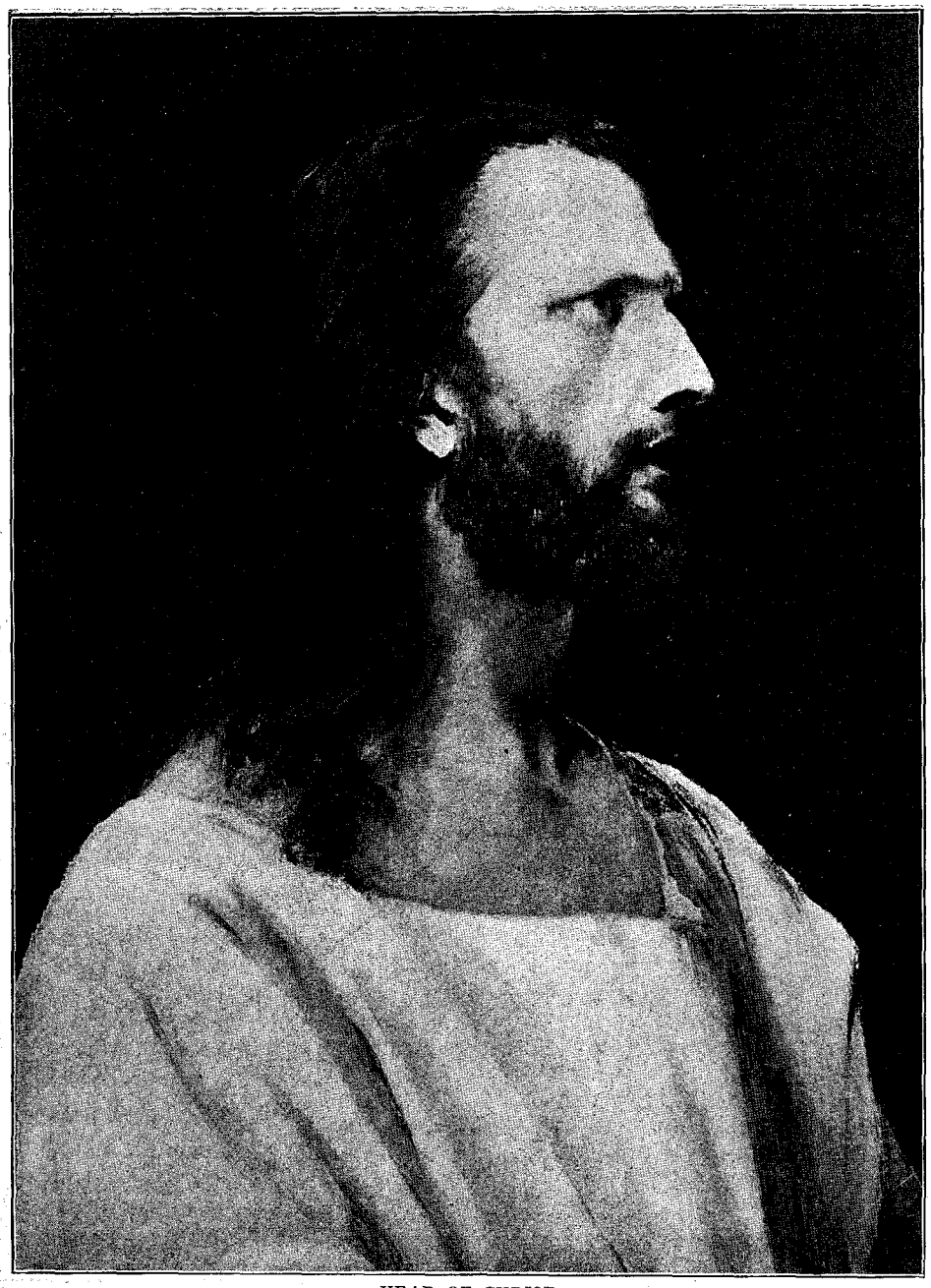

HEAD OF CHRIST

From Mihály Munkácsy's "Christ before Pilate," painted in 1881.

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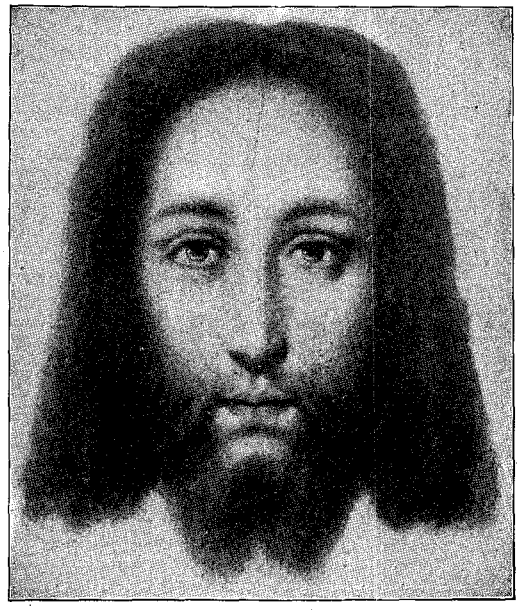
purposes. The strangest thing, however, is that this baby's face is the only one of Jesus that I have seen in which something like force and dominion break from the eyeballs; and there they are out of place—so, at least, it appears to my poor judgment.

FROM THE REV. PERCY S. GRANT

Of the Church of the Ascension (P. E.), New York City

The traditional face of Christ in art does not seem to me to be a strong face. It is not the face of a man capable of successful struggle with other men. It has not the power of blood and iron—of a Bismarck. It is not the face of one who has had to wrestle with temptation—of a St. Paul. It does not denote patient endurance and suffering in a great cause nobly contended for—that is to say, it is not the face of a Lincoln. Nor do we find in the traditional face of Jesus a moral superiority so great that it could dominate material and physical forces—calm a tempest, heal the sick, raise from the dead.



HEAD OF CHRIST

A Painting at the Antwerp Cathedral, ascribed to Da Vinci, but really by a Flemish artist.

The kind of strength of character that we are most familiar with is that which is developed by the force of a competitive civilization. Among college athletes, among soldiers, young business men, and even city roughs we find this typical modern strong face. It is resolute, determined, firm. In middle life such faces are apt to become stern. In old age they are fierce, as Gladstone's was called, or they are hard.

But Jesus took no part in the competitive life of his time, and he lived when competition was not as strenuous as to-day. He fulfilled Isaiah's prophecy, "He did not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street." We should not expect, then, the face of Jesus to be strong according to our common definition. Neither did his character unfold through temptation—that is to say, as the average man understands temptation. The temptations in the wilderness were either typical or they were local. Jesus's life was not spent in resisting evil, but in realizing the good. His character developed, therefore, more as a woman's character develops—in innocence, sweetness, and love. We are not, therefore, to expect the Christ face to exhibit moral struggle. Nor can we look for that sadness which creeps into the eyes of great men who die without accomplishing the reforms upon which they set their hearts. It is true that Jesus was cut off and thwarted in his earthly career, but he could see the accomplishment of his purpose in its apparent defeat. The joy that was set before him must have robbed his face of melancholy, of weary endurance, and of hopelessness.

The Christ of the New Testament had spiritual power that was as elemental as the power of God, flowing indeed from the same source. We have no conception of a face that could match such a nature. The face of Christ in art will always, therefore, be disappointing.

FROM THE REV. E. M. HARDCASTLE, JR.

Assistant Rector Grace Church (P. E.), New York City

The strength of the Christ face as portrayed in the Scriptures would lie, it seems, in the union of the elements that characterize his two natures. The divine strength would reside in holiness, while the human would be evidenced by an association of the strong elements of justice and truth with the gentler qualities of tenderness, loving-kindness, and patience. These have not been combined in due proportion in

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"THE HEART OF CHRIST"

A Roman Catholic conception, by Ernst Deger.

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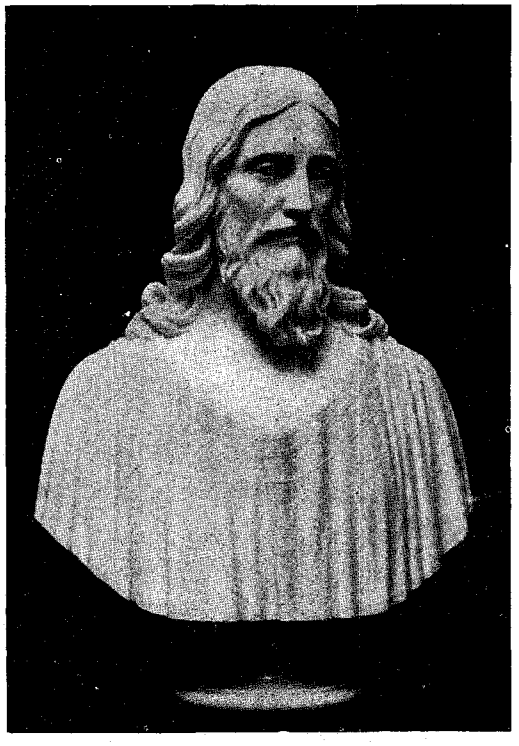
art, too much emphasis being laid on the gentler virtues to the exclusion of those that would characterize strength. Christ is a King, Conqueror, and Judge as well as a Saviour and Mediator.

FROM THE REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D.

President of Union Theological Seminary, New York City

The question is one which I steadily answer in the negative as I study the well-known ancient delineations of our Lord's countenance, and those which have so abundantly appeared in connection with modern art. None of them approaches that ideal conception of his countenance which is present in my mind as a devout believer in his unique personality as the God-man. If Christ were only a man, I see no reason why the great artists of the centuries could not satisfy our noblest thought concerning his personal appearance; but because of that infinite element of deity which blends with his manhood, no human hand has yet been able to accomplish what I must believe to be an impossible task. The great artistic types of the Christ face constantly disappoint me by the lines of weakness and morbid emotionalism which enter into the pictures.



BUST OF CHRIST

Made by Hiram Powers in 1866.

FROM THE REV. DAVID H. GREER, D.D.

Of St. Bartholemew's Church (P. E.), New York City

In reply to your question concerning the face of Christ in ancient and modern art, I beg to say that no representation of it with which I am familiar is satisfactory to me. In the attempt to make it divine, the artist in almost every case has simply made it weak.

FROM THE REV. JAMES M. KING, D.D.

Formerly Pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City

In looking at master pictures of Jesus the man, I find my idea of a strong face realized; but when I think of him as the Christ, no picture conveys to me an idea of adequate strength. To me ancient and modern art representations of the Christ are relatively satisfactory as they most perfectly portray some phase of his humanity illustrated by his teachings and by the relations which he sustained to the humanity which he came to uplift and redeem.

For me as satisfactory a face of Christ as art has produced is in marble by Hiram Powers. I was in Mr. Powers's studio in Florence when he was completing this work. The conceptions of the Christ by other artists were arranged about him. Mr. Powers devoutly expressed to a number of friends his judgment that this bust was the best work of his chisel. I secured a photograph of this work of Mr. Powers in 1879, and it has hung on the walls of my study ever since.

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM WILMERDING MOIR

Assistant Rector Church of the Holy Communion (P. E.), New York City

"Does Christ's face, as depicted in ancient and modern art, realize your idea of a strong face?" It does not. Strangely enough, in answer to your question, I only last Sunday preached on the last clause of the sixth verse of the fourth chapter of the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, "The Face of Jesus Christ." What I said then I think in part explains

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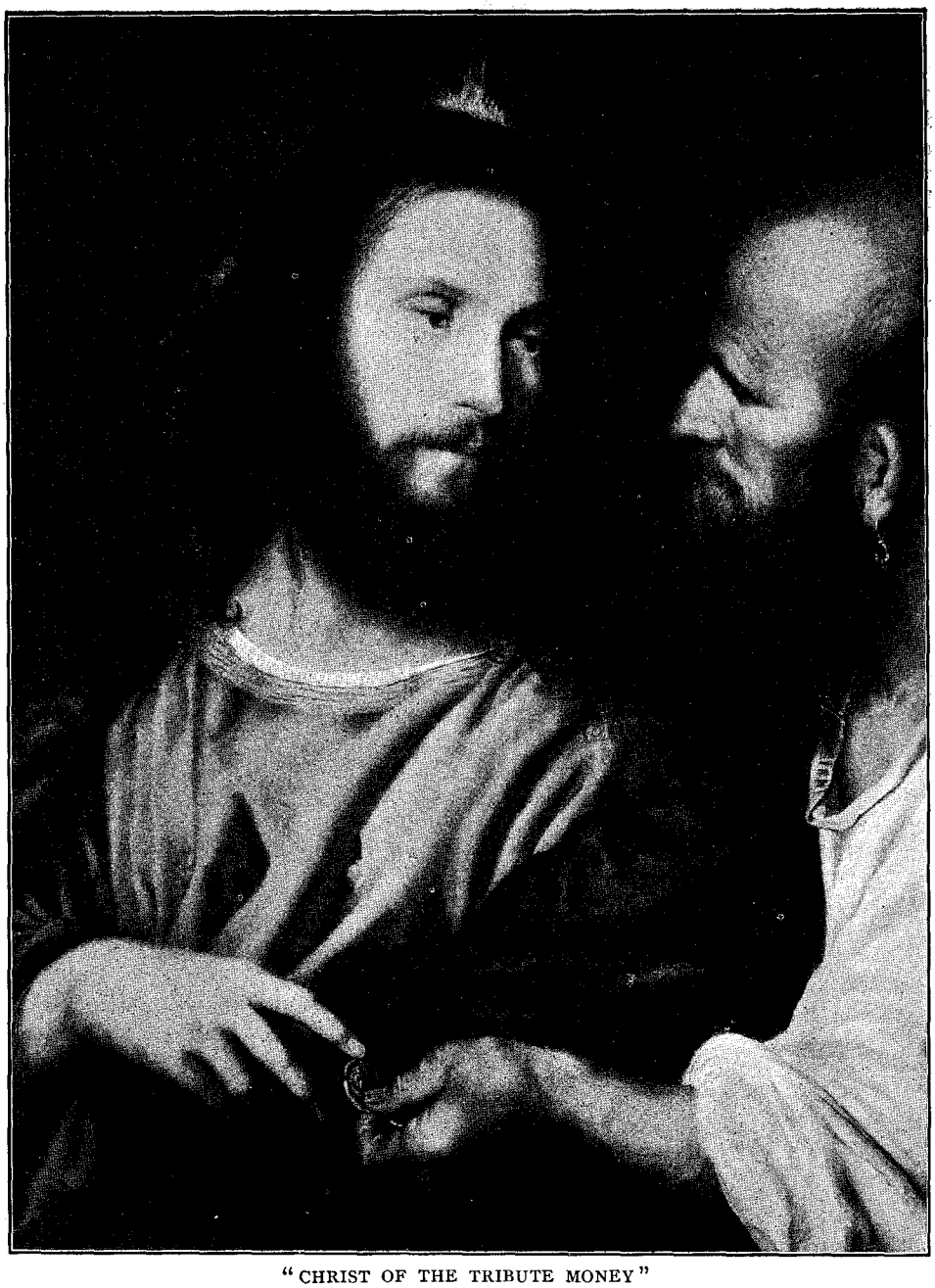

"CHRIST OF THE TRIBUTE MONEY"

Painted by Titian in 1514. Now in the Dresden Gallery. This conception illustrates the Venetian School.

why the Christ face in both modern and ancient art does not realize our idea of a strong face. In the first place, no representation is given us in Holy Scripture, in any one of the many scenes of our Lord's life, of how he looked—his birth, the adoration of the wise men, the Christ in the Temple, the temptation in the wilderness, the many scenes of his ministry, his death upon the cross, his burial, his resurrection, his risen life (during the forty days after), nor yet of his ascension; in no one is there a word said of his personal appearance; nor has any representation come down to us of how he looked. The only apparent description of his appear-

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ance was given by the prophet, some seven hundred years before his coming, who tells us that "his visage was so marred from that of men, and his form from that of the sons of men," and again, "He hath no form nor comeliness that we should look upon him; nor beauty that we should desire him." (Isaiah lii., 14; liii., 2.)

The early disciples of our Lord did not dare to give any representation of how he looked. He was too near to them, it has always seemed to me, and they understood so well the meaning of the spiritual face which he turned toward them. If they had to represent him, it was as a Lamb, or by the sacred symbols of his name: the Chi Rho, or the Alpha and Omega, or by the Holy Dove of his baptism, or by the Cross on which he died.

The centuries which followed were filled with persecutions, and upon the cross the poor persecuted ones, in their representations in art, place a representation of our Lord. Most of them are horrible and grotesque, but so were their lives and their deaths; and they were the closest approach that they could get to what they needed; but doubtless they always fell short of their real need; and as the dying martyr placed the crucifix to his lips, he closed his eyes and only felt the spiritual Christ.

The Middle Ages gave birth to the "Madonna and Child," but, beautiful as is the baby face in so many of the works of the mediæval artists, none of them could have satisfied the longings of the human heart.

The present age's art and life alike have given us the divine comrade. Hofmann and Tissot, and other great men, have striven as best they could to satisfy the longings of the human heart, by giving us a friendly, kindly human being as their gift to the nineteenth century; but none of these are what we long for. None of these realize our idea of the strength that we would see in the face of Jesus Christ. Because, taking in its entirety the verse which I quoted at the beginning of my letter—"God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, has shined in our hearts, giving the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," it is impossible for human art to give to the world a correct or satisfactory representation of the Christ. I doubt very much if any artist has ever been satisfied with any picture of Jesus which he has given to the world, or a sculptor with the figure. Because we must see in that face the glory of God, spoken of by the Apostle; we must find in it strength for our weakness, womanliness, tenderness, gentleness, and sweetness to temper our robustness.

If it had been well for us to have such a representation, God would not have left his Son without a witness; but it was that our hearts might be lifted above the earthly and human to the heavenly and the divine, that he gave us to understand that the face of Jesus Christ was beyond the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel.

FROM THE REV. BROCKHOLST MORGAN

General Agent of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society

It seems to me that any face of Christ should first conform to what we know of Scripture, "A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and again the remark of the Pharisees about his personal look, "Thou art not yet fifty years old," when, in fact, he was not yet thirty, indicating the appearance of age which was not justified.

The mistake of all painters, ancient and modern, is effeminacy of feature and untrueness to the race to which Christ, as a man, belonged. The Italians paint an Italian Christ, the German school a German, and so on. The typical Christ is a Jew of that century, and the beauty of his face is not in ideal features, but in the soul revealed in the countenance.

Were it possible to conceive what has never been painted, it would be a composite face belonging to no special race nor country, for Christ is the "Son of man"—that is, of all humanity—not Jew, not Roman, not Italian nor German, but enfolding all races and all conditions in his one humanity. This last fact is the chief fault I have to find in religious art, and no painter will come near to the truth who does not give this weight.

FROM THE REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

Of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York City

I do not hesitate to say that, in my estimation, the artistic reproductions of the Christ face are weak—not only disappointing, but repulsive. I never see a pictured face of Christ that does not contradict my

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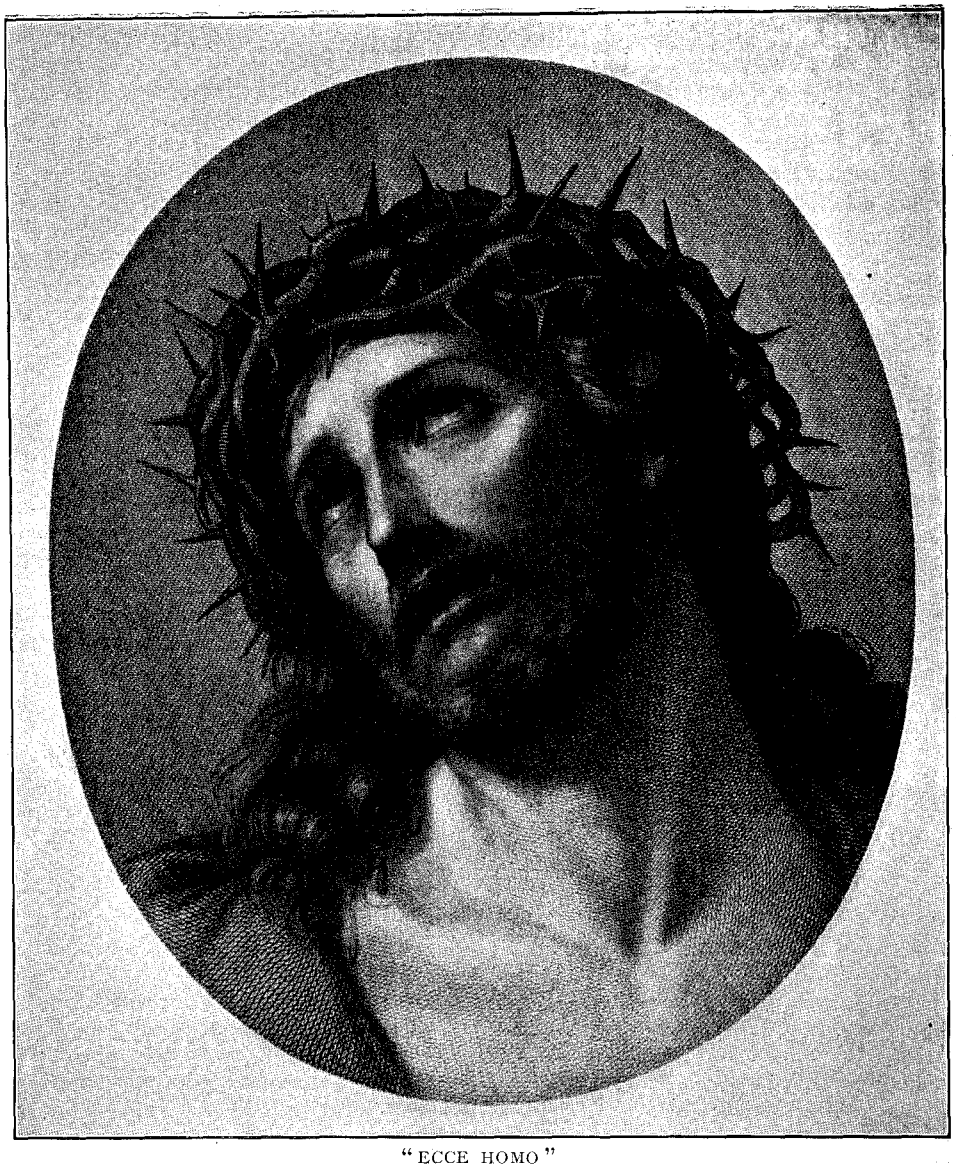

"ECCE HOMO"

By Guido Reni, of the Bolognese School. In the Dresden Gallery.

sense of the divine; such faces make me ache in sympathy with the futile strain made by the artist to do the impossible. They are so loaded with traces of debility that they constrain me to pity the Son of God far more than to revere him. They show me manhood, not Godhood, and manhood, too, on the side of debility—pure spirit and devout, but tempted, distressed, tired, and mortal. They are suggestive of holiness, but of dependent holiness; and with me, at least, discourage the spirit of worship a great deal more than they promote it.

FROM THE RT. REV. H. C. POTTER, D.D.

Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, New York

There can be but one answer, I should imagine, to your question. No artistic representation assuming to depict the features and expression of Jesus Christ could be other, both to the artist and to others, than a disappointment. It is not in art, which is human (and bound, therefore, by human limitation), to depict the divine—nor, indeed, to imagine it. Essays in that direction, so far as I am familiar with them, have always seemed to me, however interesting, weak and

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inadequate. Jesus, as Frederick Robertson has strikingly put it, included not only the two natures, God's and man's, but our two natures, man's and woman's. Art has often essayed to express this; but it has issued, so far as I know of such endeavors, in feebleness and mere femininity.

In one word, the task is too large for art.

FROM THE REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, D.D.
Of the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), New York City

Of course all portraits of the Christ are purely fanciful. I have never yet seen one which was at all up to my ideal. The most of them impress me as being weak and unmanly. If we know anything at all about him, it is that he was a Jew; but the pictures generally might be those of a person of any nationality, or no nationality at all.

The ordinary portrayals of him as the Man of Sorrows seem to me utterly unhistorical, and they impress me as weak, and not infrequently as even repulsive.

FROM THE REV. C. C. TIFFANY, D.D.
Pro-Cathedral of St. John the Divine (P. E.), New York City

You ask a large question when you ask for a judgment on the strength shown in the face of Christ as depicted in ancient and modern art. Permit me to say briefly that there is much lack of strength in the great majority of pictures of our Lord. There is, again, the presence of strength where there are no other attributes of the divine character, and so not a Christlike strength. This is so palpable in Michael Angelo's fresco of the Last Judgment, on the east wall of the Chapel of the Vatican, that it may be taken as the type of what I mean by Christless strength. We see there simply a furious and revengeful judge hurling damnation down on his enemies, as though engaged in a most congenial task. There is no trace, in the enraged avenger, of him who wept over Jerusalem, and of whom his Apostle wrote, "Who is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." No wonder that Mariolatry grew if such strength were deemed Christlike strength. Then, on the other hand, there is often much sweetness which is mere softness, as in Carlo Dolce, where there is nothing virile, where the expression is not so much feminine as effeminate, and we could never say of the one portrayed, "Behold the *Man!*" And yet there are, both in ancient and modern art, specimens of Christlike strength, where strength and sweetness are mingled in varying measure, but neither one banishing the other. Such, for instance, in ancient art is the "It is Finished" of Albrecht Dürer, and, in a lesser but in a real degree in modern art, in Ary Scheffer's "Christus Consolator" and "Remunerator." In Dürer's "It is Finished" we have the finest and most satisfying of all the portraiture of Christ. He is hanging on the cross, but it is the moment after death. There is regal strength in the bowed head, but the sweetness which survives sorrow is also there—a sweetness which bears ineffaceable traces of pain, but marks, too, of the strength which endured it, triumphant, through the fullness of its consecration. In Ary Scheffer we do not reach so high a strain, and yet there is a kindred inspiration in his portrayal of the "Consoling and the Recompensing Lord."

Just one other example I will quote of a Christlike strength. It is to be found in Titian's "Tribute Money." The hard old Pharisee, with his sharp and chuckling assurance, holds the penny in his bold and rapacious hand—a very type of what some men call strength—the strength of unabashed and overbearing defiance of all that transcends the plane of what is of the earth, earthy. But the calmness of the Christ confronts him, not with a more potent materialism, but with that serene composure which comes of conscious mental and moral superiority, whose dignity is unmoved by the clamor of the world, because centered in the eternal, which is the spiritual.

BY THE REV. E. WALPOLE WARREN, D.D.
Of St. James's Church (P. E.), New York City

The difficulty of producing a face of Christ on canvas is proportionate to the realization that, of any face representing perfect humanity, and combining both masculine and feminine characteristics, it is impossible to paint a satisfactory portrait, inasmuch as none but his contemporaries ever saw such a face, nor can we imagine it.

Accepting, therefore, the difficulty, I admire the "Ecce Homo" and "Crucifixion" (Dürer's) as sufficiently satisfactory.

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AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE

BY CHARLES B. SPAHR[1]

III.

A Typical Primitive Community

Studying history by traveling

The saying that a traveler may study almost any period of history by visiting some people now passing through the stage of development which he wishes to understand has unusual truth for the American traveler who wishes to understand his country's industrial development. There has never been a time when some part of our country has not been passing through the pioneer stage; and the best way to understand that stage is not by ransacking libraries in the East, but by visiting pioneer communities in the West. It is true that no large community is entirely cut off from the use of the inventions made during the last generation; but there are many and large communities where the housework, the garden, dairy, and orchard work, much of the field work, and even the carpentering, smithing, spinning, and weaving, are carried on as they were in the Central States a generation ago, and pretty much as they were in New England in the days of the Puritans. The general industrial and social life is the same. The points of difference are external and easily separated.

A forlorn Arkansas town

When I determined to study such a community, I hesitated between returning to the mountains of Kentucky, where I knew the life to be more primitive, or going on to the backwoods of Arkansas, where I believed it to be more typical of the pioneer life through which the greater part of the country had passed. The scale was turned in favor of Arkansas by the fact that I had never been there, had never to my knowledge met any one who had been there, and had never read anything about the State except the famous story of the Arkansaw Traveler, who found that the native squatter would not shingle his roof while it rained because of the rain, and wouldn't shingle it while it was not raining because there was no need of it. As there are more people in Arkansas than in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine combined, it hardly seemed as if this description could be sufficient for them all. At my hotel in Memphis I inquired as to the nearest part of Arkansas where I could find a white community still at work clearing away the backwoods. My informant knew the State pretty thoroughly, and directed me to the region "just beyond Jonesboro'." Accordingly, I bought a ticket to the second station beyond Jonesboro'—a little place called Sedgwick—and reached it in about four hours, most of which were spent in the lowlands of the black quarter of the State. When I stepped out of my train at Sedgwick, my first thought was that the Arkansas Traveler had not caricatured the State. The town was as forlorn in its looks as any I had ever seen. A sawmill, several saloons, and some twenty or thirty sorry-looking houses made up the settlement. One of the houses bore the sign "Hotel," and I accordingly went there, only to be told by the help that her mistress was not about, and that she didn't know whether I could have a room or not. When I inquired of her something about the town, she replied that she didn't know much about it, as she had recently come

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from the North. A little neighbor girl who was with her was hardly better informed. She had recently come from Illinois, she said. Pretty soon the mistress came in, and seemed less fine in her type than the help. She, too, did not know whether they could take me in, as "the Company," she said, didn't allow them to take in anybody without permission from the office. I inquired why, without getting any very satisfactory answer, and soon my prospective hostess remarked, quite proudly, that she didn't "belong in Arkansas." She had been "brought up in Illinois." "It looks as if pretty much everybody here came from the North," I remarked. "Oh, yes," she replied; "an Illinois lumber company owns everything about here, and nearly all the hands are from Illinois." In short, my typical, lackluster, sordid, Arkansas-as-she-is-painted town was not an Arkansas town at all, but a transplantation from the cultured and progressive North! Fortunately for me, before I could go to the office to learn whether I could be housed for the night, a belated freight-train came along and carried me back to Jonesboro'.

A white community

The next morning I got my bearings in Jonesboro'—a thriving town of seven thousand—and in the afternoon set out for "Bill Ishmael's," a farm some eight miles in the country, where one of the storekeepers had assured me of a hospitable reception and a remarkably intelligent host. The rain was coming down in torrents, and our two horses were needed for our light buggy at several mud-holes and gullies on the main highway. When we left this road, and turned into the lane that led past the school-house to Mr. Ishmael's, we found the way entirely too dangerous for further travel, and my driver turned into a hardly distinguishable side-path, which bore occasional signs of recent use, and, after half an hour through thickets and over fords, we reached Ishmael's house, only to find that he was at the school election and that his wife did not brighten at the prospect of company over Sunday. When we left her to make our way through to the school-house, I was quite ready to accept my driver's previous suggestion that "Butch Dickson's," on the main road, was the best place to stop. When we reached the school, we found, as we felt in advance, that Ishmael could not conveniently entertain me, but were glad to find that Dickson was ready to do so. We therefore left the election, to which the voters had come on horseback, and, by skillful driving (once dismounting), made our way through to Dickson's without accident. When I saw Mrs. Dickson—large, clear-eyed, with a complexion in pleasant contrast to the prevailing snuff-dipper's sallowness, and with a warm-hearted, motherly manner, I knew that I had found the right place. Her boys, fourteen and sixteen years old, were evidently glad to have me come, and were as much interested in New York as I was in Arkansas. While we were shooting at a mark—a ten-cent piece, I think it was, that I had put up, with the obvious effect of impressing them with my affluence—we became the best of friends, and they told me stories of squirrel-hunts that would have excited the envy of the richest boys in our Eastern cities. It was over two hours before the father returned from the election, and meanwhile the boys and their mother—whom they joked with on terms of affectionate equality—had impressed upon me a good many pictures of neighborhood life. One of these pictures was particularly vivid and significant. During a day I had just spent in Kentucky, a negro had told me that no one of his race was allowed in a district a few miles away from the town—shotguns being used to drive them off; but his story had been treated as a "scare" by the white to whom I referred it. While I was on the cars coming through Tennessee, a Texas farm-hand had told me that no negro laborers were allowed in his district, as "the boys drove them off"—he, an East Tennessee Republican, expressing his sympathy with the sport. This story and the negro's seemed to corroborate each other, and I therefore was not altogether unprepared when the Arkansas boys told me that there was not "a single negro this side of Jonesboro'." If any appeared, they were asked what their business was or told to "move on," and they "always minded in a hurry." When I inquired further about the situation, the boys told me that there used to be some negroes in the section, but several years ago "four of them murdered Bill Ishmael's sister, when trying to rob the house. One negro [the boys didn't pronounce it so] was suspected, and some of the neighbors

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caught him and took him out to the woods and tied a grape-vine around his neck, and told him to tell who were with him mighty quick or he would go. The negro was scared, and he just coughed it up as quick as he could, telling the whole thing. All four were arrested and locked up, and that night a crowd took them from the jail, leaving word that the authorities would call at any man's house before daybreak on peril of their lives. . . . There were one hundred and forty-four horses tied to the trees out in our woods yonder when the hanging took place, but when they come to cut down the bodies nobody knowed who did it." "It was a year," said Mrs. Dickson, "before anybody began to talk so as to show that he was there. . . . There hasn't been a negro family in all this section since that time, except one old man who was allowed to stay. Bill Ishmael hired three negroes a couple of years ago, but the boys warned them that they had better hurry back to Jonesboro', and they didn't dare stay."

The school election

Mr. Dickson came in a little before dark, and immediately we had supper, for the boys had already finished the chores. There was no hired help of either sex about the house, and Mrs. Dickson had only the assistance of two shy little girls of nine and ten, one a daughter, and the other an adopted child. On the table there was a great abundance to eat, and the supper was quite enjoyable to those who like Southern corn bread as I do, and who like ham as the Southerners do. Mr. Dickson's side had been defeated in the school election, but he bore the defeat in good spirit. The issue had been the laying of a five-mill school tax to supplement the State allowance of fifty cents for each child of school age in the district. Five mills was the heaviest school tax the State law allowed, and my host and Bill Ishmael, as the two richest men in the district, had been the leaders of the party opposed to the full tax. There were eighty children of school age in the district, so that the State allowance was $40. On the tax rolls there was $22,000 of personalty and about the same of realty, so that a five-mill tax would yield $220 more. The division on the school tax, I was told, usually followed property lines. Sometimes the "rich" taxpayers could influence their hired help to vote with them, but, in general the small farmers, especially if they had children, voted for the full tax. So there were class lines even in Arkansas, and the wealthy class and the dependent poor, here, as elsewhere, formed the bulwark of conservatism.

A long morning

Almost immediately after supper the farmer led in family prayers, and we all retired. I was shown to a comfortable guest-room in the second story, and slept soundly until five o'clock the next morning. We breakfasted at half-past five (a half-hour later than usual on my account, I was told), and after breakfast the farmer and I went to the front porch, while Mrs. Dickson and the little girls attended to the housework and the milking of the cows, and the boys did the remaining chores. The morning was bright and clear, but so much rain had fallen that the family judged it impossible for them all to drive to church, which that Sunday was held at one of the more remote points on the circuit. So the farmer and I had an abundance of leisure to talk. Fortunately, subjects of interest were plenty; but when we had talked what would have been a whole morning in the city, it was not yet the time that I usually reached the office. My host showed no signs of exhaustion, but I was glad to join the boys for a while before it was time for them to go off to church on horseback. When they finally rode off together, neatly dressed, each riding a good horse, they made a very attractive picture. They were both boys of fine character, and were as heartily religious as they were full of fun. The serious side of them was as wholesomely developed as the squirrel and possum hunting side I first became acquainted with. Not long after they went to church, Mr. Ishmael's married son, with wife and baby, came to visit and take dinner with the Dicksons, and somewhat later Mr. Ishmael himself joined us. There were now three of them to instruct me in Arkansas economics, and the hours that remained until dinner, and from dinner until Sunday-school, taught me as much worth remembering in political economy as the same number of weeks in college. The dinner, I may say, did not come until nearly one o'clock. It was incomparably the longest morning I had ever spent, but I would

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not, as I think of it now, have had it shortened.

Doing business on credit

When I say that the conversation of these Arkansas farmers was more instructive than college lectures on economics, I mean that it gave a clearer and more accurate picture of vital things in the industrial situation. For example, when I asked about the amount of business done on credit, my host made it clear that it was less than in former years. He told me (and every old farmer, I find, has similar recollections) that he used to see less than fifty dollars a year, and that, too, at a time when prices were much better than they are now. It used to be taken for granted, he said, that farmers would trade everything out. The first year he was on his present farm he put up a "box" house which cost him fifty dollars, and bought on credit all the supplies he could not raise himself. "When I sold my crops at the end of the year, I paid off the balance against me at the Greensboro' store. The next year the butter and eggs and grain I sold at the store amounted to more than I had bought, and when I asked for a settlement, the storekeeper said, 'Ah! what do you want money for? You can trade out what you want. . . . Haven't time to figure it up now.' When I got home, I told my wife that we wouldn't buy anything more on credit, unless it was medicine. If we couldn't pay for things, we would do without them. From that day to this we haven't bought on credit." Cash sales, he went on, were becoming more and more the rule, though many of his neighbors still bought on credit. Even he used less money for all purposes than city wage-earners need for food alone, where he required none. Had a college professor told him that less money per capita is needed to-day than a generation ago, he would have been less willing to pay his school tax than he was already.

Mortgages and debts

When the question of farmers' debts came up, the information I got did not contradict ordinary teachings, but it gave a different color. The census returns, as is widely known, show that in Arkansas, as in most Southern States, only one family in nine carries a real estate mortgage. When, however, I asked my Arkansas acquaintances how many of the farmers were in debt, they answered, without division, "Nearly all." When I narrowed my question down to the school district, Mr. Ishmael said that out of twenty-eight farmers at the election the day before, ten were in debt to him in sums ranging from $10 to $200. Only one man, he said, was in debt for as much as his farm would bring, but nearly everybody was in debt in some quarter. In this case the census returns were absolutely accurate. There was hardly a mortgage in the district. But this was due to the fact that, even when land was sold on partial payments, a mortgage was not given, but a "title bond" was taken, by which the title remained with the seller until the last payment was made. When I returned to Jonesboro', the leading banker of the town explained the system to me more in full. If, he said, you lend money on a mortgage, and wish to foreclose, you have to wait six months for a Circuit Court decree which allows you to sell only on four months' notice, and even after the sale the borrower retains the option to redeem his property for another twelve months. The "title bond," on the other hand, enables you to re-enter the property whenever the borrower fails to make a payment, and sell it upon relatively short notice. The situation of the debtor, therefore, is harder than where mortgages are given; and the fact that there is only one mortgage in Arkansas where there are four in Vermont does not mean that the burden of debt is only one-fourth as serious. It rather means that the burden is four times as serious. The only relieving feature to the situation in Arkansas is that the usury law is rarely disobeyed. Very few loans, the banker told me, carry more than the legal rate of ten per cent.

Heavy road taxes and heavy roads

There was another matter of economic importance which the conversation of this long morning put before me more vividly than any college text-book. This was the burden of the road tax—a subject scarcely mentioned in political economies constructed after English models. It was natural that this subject should come up, for the road to the school-house the day before had been too much for even Arkansas patience to put up with, and Mr. Ishmael was anxious to get help in patching up some of the worst places. The

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law, I learned, is that every man between eighteen and forty-five has to give five days' labor to the public roads. Nearly one week's work out of fifty-two must be given to the public in this way. The private roads, of course, require extra work from the men whose lands they run through. But on the public roads the tax is precisely the same for the man who owns fifty acres, or even five, as for the man who owns five hundred. That there is no justice about such a tax requires no argument, as it is obvious that the wealthy man has ten or a hundred times his neighbor's ability to pay, and receives ten or a hundred times as much benefit from the improvement. Road taxes, as Western common sense recognized long before the single tax was ever heard of, ought to rest exclusively upon the abutting land owners in direct proportion to the amount of land, because, unlike other taxes, they are apt to add their amount to the value of the land. Here in Arkansas, however—and I found the system general in the South—the same contribution is exacted from the mere wage-earners, even, as from the largest landowners. I inquired of my host whether there was no protest against its injustice, and he replied that some of the poorer people did complain that it was unfair, but that it was the system everybody had always been used to, and not much was said about it. Of course it was the most wasteful system imaginable, as the repairs were apt to be made when it was convenient for the farmers and not when it was convenient for the roads. Indefinitely less work from men who understood the business would give far better roads. Yet, in spite of all the considerations of justice and economy and good roads, the reform was not pushed forward, because the financial interests of the leading citizens were opposed to it. In this respect primitive communities do not differ from others.

Wages and earnings

When the question of wages came up, I received more testimony in line with what I had learned at New Bedford and Taunton. Mr. Ishmael, who was the only steady employer of labor in the group, said: "Fifteen or twenty years ago I used to pay $18 or $20 a month. Now I can get a good man for $10." In each case, of course, these wages included board; but this must not be reckoned too high, for the school-teacher, I learned, who regularly boarded at the Dicksons' and occupied my comfortable room, paid $8 a month. A farm-hand's "keep" must be reckoned at a still lower sum. The wages of hired men tallied closely with the earnings of farmers. An energetic farmer who had a boy to help him could handle twenty-five acres in wheat, twenty-five in cotton, and twenty-five more in pasture—either clover or stock peas (the latter a splendid fertilizer). This was what a farmer should handle, rotating his crops in succession. Very few, however, gave their land any rest for pasture, and forty acres of cleared land was as much as most of them attempted to cultivate. The farmer who handled seventy-five acres would need $500 worth of stock and machinery—two horses, a cow or two, at least half a dozen pigs, and wagon, plows, harrows, and cultivators, as at the North; but he rarely would have a "binder." At the end of the year his cash returns would figure up in about this wise:

25 acres wheat, 250 bushels	$125
25 acres corn, 250 bushels for stock, 500 bushels for sale	150
Total	$275
Taxes, machinery, blacksmithing, etc.	50
Net	$225

This represents the money income of the Arkansas farmer, of the more energetic type, with a boy to help him in his work. In most cases the figures are complicated by the sale of some stock and less corn, but the net returns hold good in almost every case. It is no wonder, therefore, that in Arkansas a dollar "looks as big as a barn door."

The drift to town

The tenant farmer, of course, has a money income much smaller. In case he furnishes all the stock and machinery, he gets two-thirds of the crop and the landlord one-third; but if the landlord furnishes the capital, and the tenant only the labor, they divide half and half. "Sometimes," said Mr. Ishmael, "the tenant wants you to keep him in food while he raises the first crop; but if you have to trust a tenant for his keep, you don't want him. I wouldn't have such a man about, and neither would anybody else who knows his business."

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"What becomes of such farmers?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "when a man gets too poor to be a tenant, he goes to town." This observation was entirely new to me, but I have found it everywhere true. The towns are being recruited by those too poor to be able to live in the country, as well as by those too rich to be willing to live there; and this drifting helps make our urban districts the centers of both wealth and poverty, while the farming districts remain the strongholds of the independent middle classes.

Church affairs

When the time came for Sunday-school, we all went, and it seemed to me that all the young people for miles about must have done the same. The attendance was remarkable—the more so as the singing was ordinary, and the general conduct of the school spiritless. It was obvious that the church was the center of neighborhood life, but that the present was not a time of especial religious interest. The "protracted" meetings, I was told, had not yet begun, for these meetings were held in midsummer. Farm work, including clearing, was too heavy in midwinter to make a good attendance possible, while in midsummer there was a long leisure season, and the heat did not prevent the people from coming out. Apparently they all came, and the religious interest was at times almost universal. My farmer host, in speaking to me, not unkindly, of a young girl whose prettiness and boldness had commanded attention, said that "her mother is a hard woman." I expressed my surprise at the adjective, for the girl herself was far from looking "hard." "Oh," he replied, "I do not mean that she is bad, at all, but she has gone through a good many revivals without ever manifesting any religious feeling." The evangelical point of view had changed the meaning of words. When we had returned home from Sunday-school (and the children had promptly taken off their shoes and stockings), the boys and I took a walk. In the course of it we came across a crowd from the Sunday-school at the creek, and some of the boys had just been in swimming. Before this Mr. Ishmael, when protesting against the neighborhood boycott on cheap negro labor, had maintained that the exclusion of the negro did not keep the white boys of the district from being as full of "devilment" as any in the black belt. My host, on the contrary, stood up for the boys of the district. "About the worst thing they do," he said, "is riding to meeting and then going over the country firing pistols." The bantering at the swimming-hole convinced me that my host's view was the true one, and his boys confirmed it. These boys were thoroughly loyal to their church, and regularly paid "quarterage." The exact sum I do not recall, but the preacher, I was told, with eight appointments on his circuit, got $400 a year—if he collected it. This last phrase could not help recalling the old story of the Vermont minister who declined an advance in his salary from four hundred dollars to five hundred, saying that it nearly killed him to collect the four hundred, and he was sure that another hundred would kill him.

The size of a dollar

But these figures about salaries and earnings did not evidence the poverty of the people so much as the magnitude of a dollar. Everything I saw impressed me with the utter folly of the statisticians who assume that the condition of labor has improved as much during the last century as wages are reported to have risen. A century ago nearly all our labor was rural; and rural wages and city wages are hardly comparable. Take, for example, this minister, with a money income as low as the poorest families on the East Side of New York. He lived, the farmer told me as we drove to town the next morning, in a respectable four-room house on the outskirts of Jonesboro'. He paid six dollars a month rent, and he received so much of his pay in corn and hay that he could keep a horse. He probably kept a garden which supplied his family with vegetables, and his wife almost certainly raised chickens enough to supply them fresh eggs the year round, and fried chicken during the long fried-chicken season. Even if he bought his vegetables, he bought them first hand from the farmers who raised them, instead of fourth or fifth hand, after shipper and railroad and wholesaler and retailer had all been paid. Similarly, he bought his wood of the man who chopped it, and paid $1.50 a cord, while I am charged $9 a cord for wood, and my coal costs me the equivalent of $4 a cord. Four hundred dollars in Jonesboro' to-day—as almost anywhere a century ago—means

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more comfort than eight hundred dollars now means in our Eastern cities.

Modern progress

My prosperous host, whose money income was not much greater than that of the seventy-five-acre farmer to whom I have referred, offers a still better example of great comfort with a small money income. His expenses, except for taxes and for machinery, were almost nil. Not only did he raise all his own meat, but he also cured it. His apparatus was, of course, primitive, and the Hon. Carroll D. Wright could doubtless figure out that a stupendous saving of labor would be effected if the meat were packed by the improved machinery of a Chicago firm, and shipped to Arkansas by means of the marvelous economies of railroad transportation. But Farmer Dickson, by using the primitive machinery of his own smoke-house, saved all the cost of transportation and handling which the improved methods demand. Nor did this smoke-house stand alone in saving him the expenses due to our labor-making as well as labor-saving machinery. He showed me the old loom on which his wife still makes carpets, and brought out the quaint homespun blue-jeans frock coat, with short waist and long tails, which he had worn at his wedding. They now bought their cloth, as the economies of modern machinery had at last reduced a blue-jeans suit, wearing like iron, to $5, and it no longer paid to weave it at home. But carpets made in the East were not yet cheap and durable enough to throw the old hand-loom entirely out of use. Mr. Dickson also shod his own horses, his primitive and inexpensive forge saving him the trouble of taking the horses to town and the expense of hiring a blacksmith with town rents to pay. Everything, in fact, showed me that the economies due to modern methods of production used by city laborers are grossly exaggerated, both by the capitalistic writers who wish to show that all is going well without the need of reform, and by the socialistic writers who wish to show that the revolution is at hand when everybody can live in comfort with little work, by substituting the "advanced" methods of a colossal combination for the "primitive" methods of individual independence. This farmer, whose methods were, in the main, those used a century ago, was more prosperous than our Eastern city workmen with double his money income. It is true that a few things cost him more. He paid from 15 to 20 cents a gallon for his oil, while the city workman gets it for 10 or 12. (Competition, he said, had once put it down to 5 cents a gallon, but monopoly had restored it.) His doctor's fee was fifty cents a mile, and if he brought a doctor from Jonesboro' it cost him $4 a visit. "It takes a mighty little while," he said, "to run up a doctor's bill of thirty dollars." The shoes for which he paid from $1 to $1.40 might perhaps be bought cheaper in a city department store. But all these were minor items compared with the food and fuel and house rent and yard rent which he had at so little cost, and which the city workman secures at such grinding expense. His work was entirely with his hands, and yet, in addition to providing for the current needs of his family, he each year cleared twenty acres of backwoods, and was able to give each son and daughter at marriage a good house on an eighty-acre farm.

The mainstay of the family

My host's prosperity, however, was not typical. He profited by an unearned increment. Except the first plowing, all the work in the garden was done by his wife, and the half-acre garden, he said, furnished most of their living. His wife looked after the poultry, milked two cows, and made the butter. He laid it down as a rule that a farmer's wife ought to sell butter and eggs enough to pay for at least half of her clothing, and I believed his wife sold enough to pay for it all. Mrs. Dickson did not know what women's wages were, for she had never hired help, and did not know anybody who had. Yet, as if her hands were not full enough, when a poor neighbor had died leaving an orphan child, she had adopted her. The schoolmaster, as I have said, always boarded at her house, and when I laughingly remarked that the men-folks in her own family gave her almost enough to do, her reply was: "Oh! if I warn't occupied I'd be the miserablest creature living." To the city women who are seeking rest cures, I would recommend an Arkansas farm. It would at least be cheaper. My bill, from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, including a drive back to Jonesboro', was one dollar.

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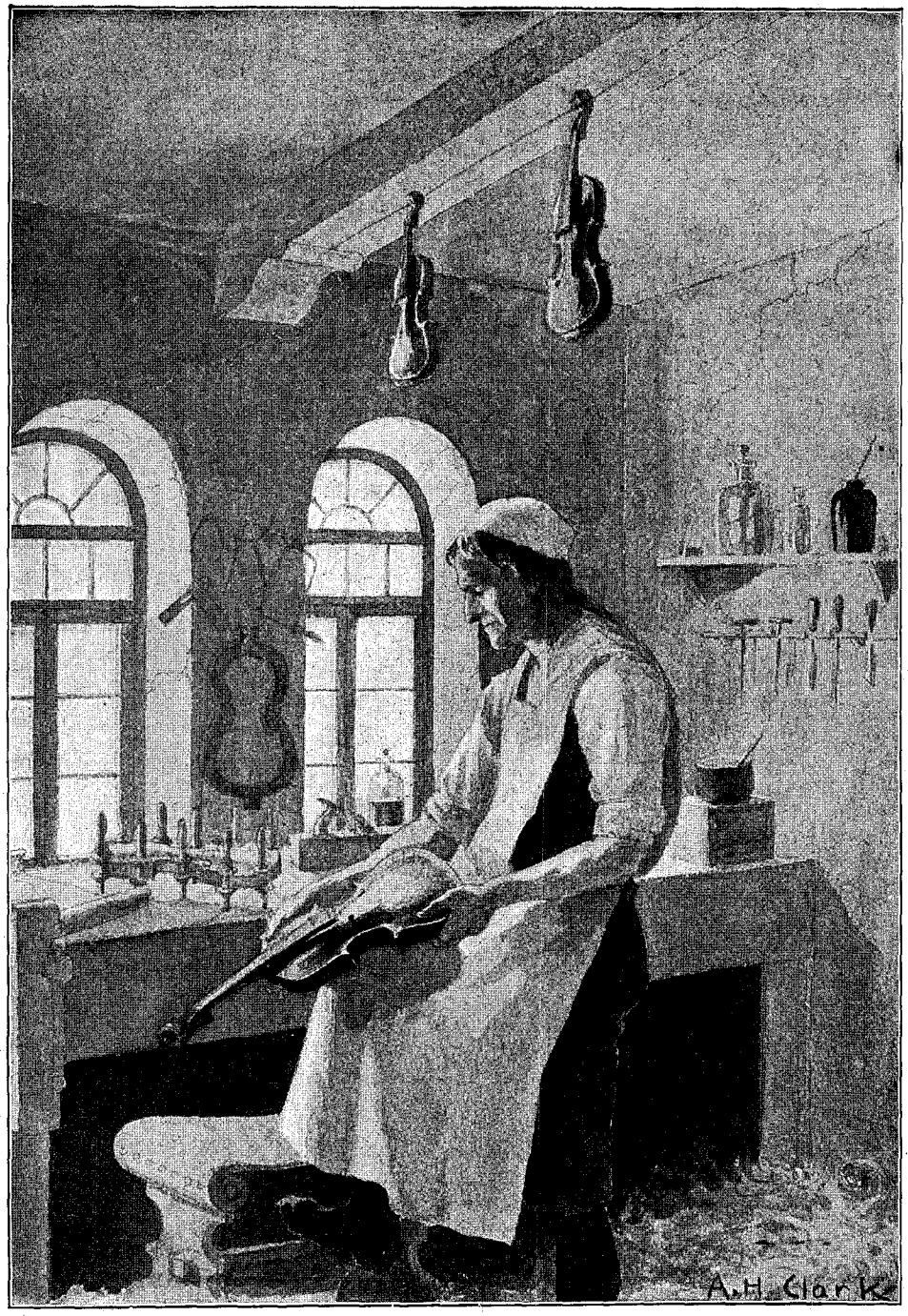

" Where Stradivari in his attic shop
Drained his aspiring soul-life, drop by drop."

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The Violin

By Alfred Lee Donaldson

DOWN Memory's dim arcade, in centuried gloom
Rises Cremona and the lonely room
Where immortality was wrought in wood,
Where Stradivari in his attic shop
Drained his aspiring soul-life, drop by drop,
To give his works their lasting lustihood.

The room is small—a great beam overhead
Where, in the Master's days, the sunlight shed
Its warming rays on tender violins
Waiting—as angels for their wings might wait—
Till they were sun-purged and immaculate,
And perfect as new souls that have no sins.

All day the sun made of this place a nest,
While, like a bird that broods, it gently pressed
Its golden heat into these shells of sound;
Then with its west'ring cadence came a flush
Of sunset gleams, aslant the evening's hush,
And settled on the fiddles' amber ground.

And there they glimmer still, subdued yet clear—
As memory glows with dreams that once were dear—
And answer like an echo to the sun,
With mellow yellows and with ruddy reds,
And all the finer glints that sunset sheds
Through stained-glass windows when the day is done.

The lines are miniatures of nature's curves,
Of those long, limber, God-begotten swerves
That lure the eye along the lonely strand.
The bend of lilies and the stoop of trees,
The fountain's arching to a summer's breeze,
Are simulated by the Master's hand.

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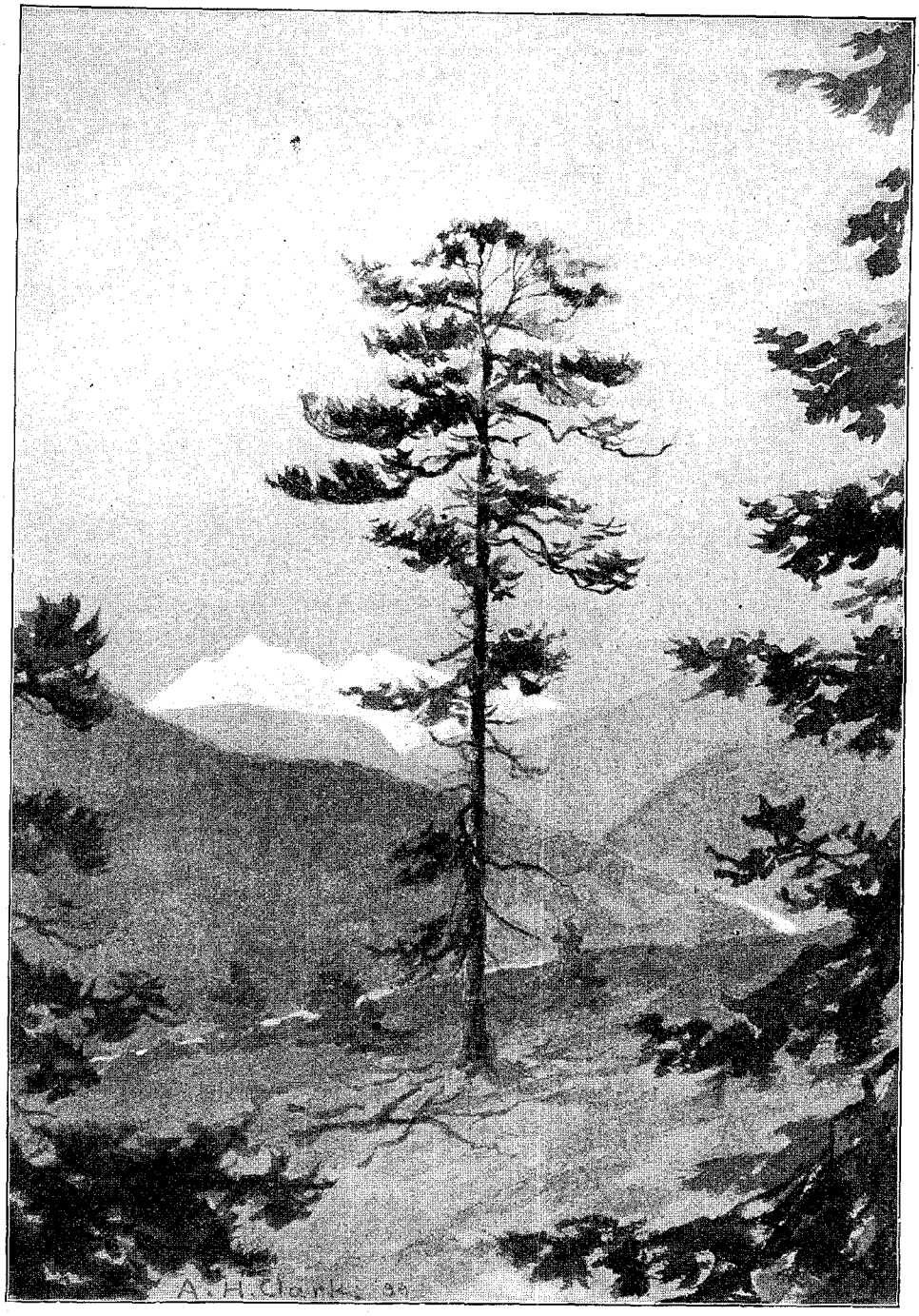

" The breast, perchance, was once a pine that stood
The tall, slim prelate of some solemn wood."

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As when the eye forsakes an incurved beach
To glance along a sparkling, golden reach
  Of distant dunes that far to sea unroll,
So doth it follow the slim neck to where,
Like four straight sunbeams that have lost their glare,
  The strings are focused in the swan-like scroll.

But these are beauties of the outward shrine;
Within there dwells a beauty more divine—
  The almost human voice enchanted there
Like some fair captive in a fairyland,
Awaiting the fine soul and cunning hand
  That wakes the sleeper with a wand of hair.

For, as the sea-shells found along the shore
Retain the echoes of the ocean's roar,
  And murmur with the music of the spheres—
So are old violins inlaid with song
Distilled of memories that throb and throng
  Athwart their dream-life of a thousand years.

The breast, perchance, was once a pine that stood
The tall, slim prelate of some solemn wood,
  Upon the sun-slope of a Swiss ravine
Where rushed the torrent of a mountain stream,
Winding as thoughts wind through a troubled dream
  Down to the valleys where they wake serene.

In winter-time, among the purple snows,
It caught the glamour of the afterglows
  That give the Alps the luster of the Grail;
And there it breathed supernal solitude
Intense with silences, supine and nude,
  Akin to music in the Doric scale.

In summer-time it shadowed a deep pool
In which uncurrent waters, brown and cool,
  Were hallowed in a font-like group of stones.
A spot where, tired of an uncouth jest,
A laughing satyr may have paused to rest
  Or pipe upon his reed Pandean tones.

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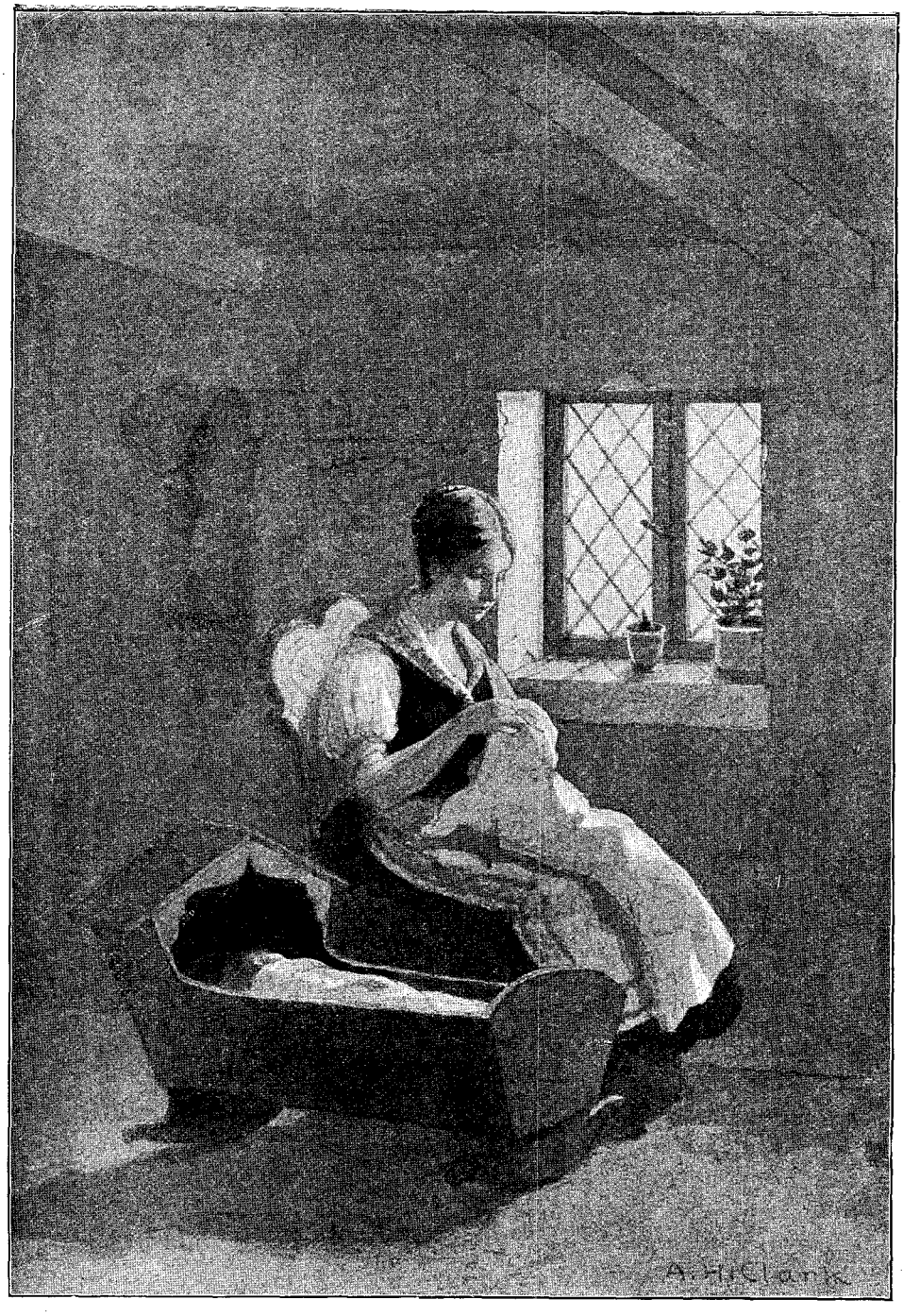

"For soon, athwart some peasant's lowly roof,
It saw the weaving of life's warp and woof."

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Or where, at midnight when the full moon made
A silver gloaming in the dusky glade,
  The mountain fays would dance beneath the tree,
While singing songs and making tiny vows
To soft susurrus of the rustling boughs,
  Faint as the nocturne of a distant sea.

Then came a time when peasants of the Rhone
With sturdy ax-stroke laid the pine-tree prone,
  Driving it streamwise to the vale below;
Then peeled the bark—closed eyelid of its dream—
And shaped the log into a massive beam,
  And brought it close in touch with human woe.

For soon, athwart some peasant's lowly roof,
It saw the weaving of life's warp and woof
  From cradle lispings to the lapse of death.
It heard the sigh of want, the moan of pain;
A mother's weeping for a soldier slain,
  A mother's blessing for a childling's breath.

And now and then there crept into the room,
As northern lights creep through the northern gloom,
  The whisperings of love and plighted faith;
The sound of revelry, the songs of joy—
Pure gold of hearts forgetting their alloy—
  Quick-passing as the shadow of a wraith.

As tree-life passed into the beam of wood,
So beam-life passes into fiddlehood.
  The last Nirvana of the chosen tree,
Where breast of pine and back of maple meet,
Two souls of sound, with memories replete,
  That lose themselves in one, like waves at sea.

So do we reach at last the perfect thing;
And when a master comes and makes it sing
  With tones in which a thousand years are massed,
We do not hear the hand-stopped notes alone,
We catch an over and an undertone,
  We hear the present while we feel the past.

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The Trouble at St. Luke's Church, Oakville

An Easter Story

By Samuel Minturn Peck

DAN GROBY, the negro sexton, knew more of the unquiet pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Crofton than any one at Oakville. Vibrating in his daily duties between the church and the rectory, he lived in the thick of the fight. It was on the forenoon of the day before Easter that Dan, leaning on his broom in front of the church door, narrated to me the events which had occurred during my long absence.

"Hit do look peaceful, don't it, sah?" said Dan, gazing up at the little Gothic structure with moss-grown roof shaded by great water-oaks in whose ivy-draped boughs mocking-birds builded and sang perennially.

"Dat vine dar's growed a heap since you went away." The negro pointed to a trumpet-vine which, planted by no hand, but born of the warm Southern soil, had climbed upon the church tower, higher and higher, till its green tendrils festooned the belfry; and in midsummer the lithe, scarlet-throated blossoms peeped in at the old bell and thrilled with delight at its mellow clang.

"The old church is prettier than ever, Dan," said I. "Pretty and peaceful are just the words for it."

"Yes, sah; hit certainly do look peaceful, but hit don't always live up to hits looks. De bishop tole de senior warden dat St. Luke's Church, Oakville, gived him more trouble o' mind than any other church in the diocese. Says he, 'Mr. Dow, when I'm at home in Mobile I take this parish to bed with me every night.' I hyern de bishop say dem very words standin' round dar in de vestry-room door. Dat was two years ago, an' we had a turrible time here agin last Easter."

Here Dan intimated that I would best take a seat by dusting a place on the doorstep with his old hat.

"Now dat's some'h'n lak. Now I knows you's comf'table I kin take my time an' begin at the beginnin' wid de comin' o' Mr. Crofton.

"When Mr. Crofton fust come, some o' de vestry 'llowed dat 'kaze he was young an' a Englishman, an' kind o' strange-lak, dey was gwine twis' him round their fingers, lak dey done de rest o' de preachers what's been at St. Luke's Church. But dis nigger knowed better. Soon as he sot eyes on Mr. Crofton an' seen dat squar chin o' hisn, an' tuck in dem keen blue eyes, an' sized him up, he said to hisse'f, dis man ain't twissable; he ain't lak none o' de ministers afore him; he ain't a-gwine round de woods a-pullin' up weeds an' bottleizin' lak Mr. Netherby, an' he ain't gwine have 'spepsia lak Mr. Hodge, nor he ain't gwine take to fowels an' hatch aigs in a hot box agin de Lord's will lak Mr. Singleton. No! dis man won't give hisse'f to none o' dem vocations; he gwine 'vote his time to his perfession."

"You thought that the new shepherd would rule the flock and make his sheep turn their toes out, did you, Dan?"

"Yes, sah, and he done it," said the old sexton, with a burst of explosive negro laughter. "Soon as he tole 'm all how d'ye he begun on de choir. Ain't none o' de preachers afore him at St. Luke's Church had de courage to run agin de choir. You know, sah, dat choirs is always mighty bumptious. De cullurd people's got a sayin' dat when de devil comes to church he sits in de choir.

"De very fust Sunday after de minister come, de spranner, she never wait for him to send de hymes, but she pick out de ones she want to sing, and sont 'em to de minister, an' I tuck 'em.

"'Who sent this to me, sexton?' says Mr. Crofton. He didn't know den dat my name was Dan.

"'Mrs. Phillips, de spranner,' an' I started for de door.

"'Stop, sexton,' says he, an' when I turned about, bless de Lord if he hadn't torn up Mrs. Phillips' note!

"'Here are the hymns for the choir,' handin' me another piece of paper from his desk. 'Take them to the organist.'

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"Next Tuesday at de choir meetin' in come de minister smilin' lak he belonged dar, an' give 'em all a talk. I was washin' de winders an' hyerd ever' word. He tole 'em he liked their voices very much, but dar was some little changes he wanted 'em to make dat would add greatly to de beauty of de service. 'Twas de duty of de choir to set a good example to de rest of de congregation by bein' punctual an' orderly, an' nex' Sunday he wanted 'em all to 'semble 'fore service and walk in de church before him. De minister was very pleasant mannered enjoren de whole talk, but he talked lak—lak—"

"Like one having authority?"

"Yes, sah, dat's hit; an' when he was through, though dey never said nothin', I seed dat one of de choir was jest a-b'ilin'."

"You mean Mrs. Phillips?"

"Yes, sah; she who's been rulin' de roost so long, tarifyin' de organist, an' makin' all de others stand about. Well, sah, when I seed Mrs. Phillips' eyes a-snappin' an' her body a-swellin', I says to myse'f, 'Lordy, man! you don't know what you's done! You sholy is a brave man!'

"Enjoren de rest o' de week de choir had a mighty miration 'mong demselves, but nex' Sunday dey all come to time but Mrs. Phillips. Jest after de last bell, Mr. Crofton he pertend he ain't missed Mrs. Phillips.

"'Are you all here?' he say.

"Den de 'tralto, she say, 'All but Mrs. Phillips. Hadn't we better wait a minute? Mrs. Phillips said she wouldn't come, but perhaps she'll change her mind.'

"Den Mr. Crofton, he say, 'No. The service waits for nobody. The second soprano will sing Mrs. Phillips' solos.' An' in dey all marched.

"Now, sah, I knowed Mrs. Phillips, an' when I seed dis, says I to myse'f, 'Bless Gawd, some'h'n gwine happen.'"

Here Dan paused and took a chew of tobacco, which he cut from the plug with a venerable knife. He went through the operation very leisurely to give my fancy time to picture the probable course of the indignant Mrs. Phillips.

"Well, sah, when de service begin I kep' my neck on de stretch from behind de organ.

"Mr. Crofton, he say: 'Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in Sunday places.'

"Mrs. Phillips ain't come.

"Den de choir dey sung: 'O come let us sing unto de Lawd.'

"An' Mrs. Phillips ain't come yet.

"Den thinks I to myse'f, if Mrs. Phillips is comin', she gwine be here before the Te Deum, for she won't let nobody sing dem solos but herse'f.

"Sho 'nough, jes' fore de Te Deum, de big door open an' in walked Mrs. Phillips, dressed in her finest clo'es an' her best bonnet, an' she sailed up de aisle lak a steamboat comin' up de river. When she got half way up de church wid her eyes sot on de organ, an' makin' for de choir, Mr. Crofton cotch on to her motions, an' his eyes flashed lak fox fire. But Mrs. Phillips kep' a-sailin' lak she gwine to dat choir spite o' de whole world. Howsomever, she never got dar. No, bless Gawd! When she lined de last pew, dar stood Mr. Crofton on de top step and dey face one 'nother. 'Twa'n't for long, but you could 'a' hyerd a pin drap all over de church. De minister never said no word. He jes' looked her in de eye, an' p'inted to a empty seat on de aisle, an' Mrs. Phillips wilted. She took dat seat, an' there ain't been no more trouble wid de choir.

"Den Mr. Crofton regerlated de Sunday-school, an' de Daughters of de King, an' de Brothers of St. Andrew, an' de Woman's Auxillerary. After dat he wrastled wid de Low Church elemun', an' he an' Mr. Welham, de junior warden, had a scrap what made de sparks fly, an' dis was de way hit come to pass. Mr. Welham was de head o' de Low Church party in de congregation, dat wants de church as plain as a country school-house; an' Mr. Crofton is High Church, an' a mighty han' for trimmin's. Dat man, sah, has a diffunt colored ribbin round his neck ever' feast day in de year. Mr. Welham he watch dem ribbins a-comin' an' a-comin', an' he say he don't b'leeve in no such flummery. If he had his way, de minister wouldn't wear no surplus at all. But de ribbins kep' a-comin', an' Mr. Welham kep' a-gittin' madder. Den dar was de flowers. Some days dar'd be white flowers on de altar, and some days dar'd be red, an' Mr. Welham say if he had his way dar wouldn't be no altar at all, but jes' a plain table. An' so hit went on raisin' a powerful stir in de congregation, some

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sidin' wid de minister an' some wid Mr. Welham, till fust thing you know dar was lighted candles on de altar lighted in de broad daylight, bless Gawd! Now dat was de last straw for Mr. Welham. He jes' couldn't stand dat. One day after service I come in de church to sweep, an' Mr. Welham was haulin' de minister over de coals for de shines he was cuttin' in de chancel. De minister, he never say nothin'. He listen an' listen till Mr. Welham have his say out. Den, when Mr. Welham was clean through an' all out o' breaf, Mr. Crofton straighten hisse'f an' answer:

"'Mr. Welham, I wish you to understand that I am not responsible to you for anything I do. If you have any charges to make against me, prefer them to the bishop.'

"Den he walk into de vestry-room."

"Which party, Dan, did you hold with?"

"Well, sah, I didn't 'zactly know de rights of it,' hesitated Dan, scratching his head.

"But you sided with the parson," I laughed. "You went for High Church."

"De parson was my cap'n in de army of de Lord, an' I never was no wobbler, sah. As for High Church—de higher you gits, de nigher you is to heaven. All de beautiful things tries to rise. Look at de trees. Dey grows upperds. An' de birds build their nests in the trees; an' de flowers holes up their heads as high as dey kin, an' even de pore little vines what can't stand alone, dey reaches out their weeny teeny han's for some'h'n to he'p 'em up. See dat vine dar on de tower! De higher hit climbs de prettier hit grows; an' when de summer-time comes, de brightest blooms is always at de top swingin' an' laughin' round de ole church bell.

"Yes, sah, I th'owed in my lot wid de minister, an' lay low lak brer rabbit."

"Did Mr. Welham write to the bishop?"

"If he did, nothin' ever come of it, an' de Low Church folks give up de fight.

"Dey had to, for Mr. Crofton carried de town an' filled de church plum full ever' Sunday. He drawed de young well as de ole, for he could ride de bicycle an' box as well as pray an' preach. He'd put on de gloves an' have a round wid a young man, den he'd go smoke a pipe wid a ole one. 'Twarn't only de church people what filled de church; de other denominationers tuck to comin' too, for there never had been no man at Oakville what could preach lak Mr. Crofton. Judge Adams an' Ginul Tomkins an' all de lawyers got to drappin' in for de night sermon.

"One Sunday night, says de Ginul to me comin' out de church:

"'Dan, your preacher's too big a man for Oakville. You've got a five-thousand-dollar man for twelve hundred dollars, and you won't keep him long. He'll be a bishop some day.'

"After de scrap wid Mr. Welham de parish was peaceful so long dis nigger got to thinkin' de wust was over; but jest 'fore Lent de clouds begin to gather for another storm. 'Twas Mr. Crofton's hardest fight, an' 'tain't gwine be easy for me to give you de straights o' dat row."

As Dan paused to pull the threads of the story together before weaving the final weft, a stream of water, which seemed to have its source somewhere in the rear of the church, began to flow along by the sidewalk. Each second it grew, glistening in the dappled light that sifted through the water-oaks, and dancing over their gnarled and projecting roots with a merry tinkling laughter; heard with the solemn roll of the organ within, it suggested to my fancy a band of little children playing truant from their prayers.

"See dar, sah!" said Dan, suddenly, pointing to the streamlet as if it had given him a happy thought. "De big row growed right out o' dat water. You never hyern of fire comin' out o' water, did you? Dat stream runs from de organ motor, an' de organ motor hatched out de biggest trouble de minister ever had to wrastle wid. Hit lasted all de Lent season, forty days an' forty nights, an' hit didn't end till de day after Easter. If I live till I die, sah, I never kin forgit dat Lent. But de Lawd brought he'p to de minister in a strange way. You know de ole hyme, sah:

"Gawd moves in a mysteerus way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his foot upon de deep
An' rides upon de storm.

"Whenever I looks back upon dat Lent, I always 'members dat hyme.

"Now hit come to pass dat when de vestry tuck note how Mr. Crofton was a-buildin' up de church dey cotch de fever

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too. One of 'em got up an' made a high-falootin' speech in de vestry meetin'. I was sittin' outside on de doorstep an' hyern it all. Hit was all about progress bein' de order of de day, an' hit behoovin' de vestry to do their part as public-spirited citizens as well as church members to assist their beloved rector in his noble work.

"'Hi yi!' I says to myse'f; 'dat soun's lak de speeches at de Fo'th o' July barbecue. I wonder what's comin'!' an' I listen agin.

"Well, sah, hit was what de newspapers call a eloquent effact, dat speech, an' hit ended by movin' dat de vestry put a water-motor in de church to run de organ, an' de motion was seconded an' carried unanimously, Mr. Crofton was mighty pleased at what de vestry had done, an' he made a little talk back to 'em, thankin' 'em for their support an' kind feelin', and when de meetin' was over his face was jes' a-beamin' wid happiness.

"'Dan,' says he, 'the vestry are going to put a water-motor in the church, and you won't have to blow the bellows any more.'

"I never said nothin'. 'Twarn't my place to crittercise de doin's o' de vestry, nor I didn't have de heart to spile de minister's pleasure by tellin' him dat de vestryman what made dat fine speech had a goose to cook for hisse'f. I 'spicioned right den an' dar dat man owned stock in de water company.

"Nex' day a committee went to McGinnis, de superintendent of de water-works, an' made de 'rangements. De church was to pay for puttin' in de motor, an' so much a quarter for the use o' de water.

"Well, sah, de motor was put in de church in Janiwary, an' hit hadn't been dar three weeks 'fore I seed dat trouble was breedin', an' hit all growed out o' de fact dat de contract warn't drawed up on paper. Dat's de best way—to write down what bofe sides is 'greein' to. Hit's most trouble at de start, but hit saves trouble in de end. When you puts your money down, an' de goods is delivered, or in de case of a horse trade, dat's another thing. You pays for your jug o' merlasses or swaps horses an' rides off. If dem merlasses is sour, or de horse goes lame, you can't blame nobody but yerse'f, for you might ha' 'zamined de horse or smelt de merlasses. But in de case of de vestry an' McGinnis hit was diffunt.

"Pretty soon McGinnis raised a talk dat de church was usin' more water than she paid for. He say he understood when de 'rangement was made dat dar'd be two services on Sunday an' one in de week, an' one choir practice, lak dey had in de Presbyterian church, wid de funerals th'owed in free, an', lo an' behole, de 'Piscopals had three services on Sunday an' three in de week, not countin' de Saints' Days. An' McGinnis he say, he never know when dem Saints' Days is comin', an' den he swear a blue streak. Dis was 'fore Lent. When Lent come, I thought McGinnis gwine have apoplexy ever' time he pass de church, for dar was nine services a week, not takin' account o' de choir practices.

"One day McGinnis say to me:

"'Dan, when is this revival goin' to stop?' an' he put a strong word jes' 'fore 'revival.'

"'Dis ain't no revival, boss,' I say. 'De church is keepin' de holy season of Lent.'

"'Holy season of Lent!' snorted McGinnis; 'I suppose that means that the church intends to borrow water from the company without payin' for it. See here, Dan, you tell your Englishman he must stop this Lent business or pay double!' an' McGinnis put in dat strong word ag'in 'fore 'Englishman.' He never let no chance o' cussin' slip him, for he was a turrible man.

"'Mr. McGinnis,' I say, mighty polite, for I was dead skeered of him, 'Mr. Crofton can't stop Lent if he wanted to.'

"'Why not?' says he. 'The Methodists and Babtists close their protracted meetin's when they want to.'

"'Dat's so, boss,' I say back, for I wanted to 'gree with him all I could. 'De Babtises an' de Methodises kin stop when dey likes, 'kaze dey begins when dey chooses, but it ain't so wid de Church. Dis Lenten season is as regerlar as de heavenly bodies. Hit begins on Ash Wednesday, de day you plants ash potaters, an' it lasts till de fust Sunday after de full moon, on or after de twenty-fust of March, which is Easter Sunday. If Mr. Crofton was to stop Lent 'fore Easter hit would be jest as scannerlus as if de Methodis'

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preacher was to dance de German. Hit's jes' so, an' so hit's got to be, 'kaze it's in de Prayer-Book, an' de Prayer-Book ain't no political flatform what changes ever' election. De Prayer-Book is older an' more to be respected than de Constitution of de United States.'

"'Dan,' says McGinnis, 'you're a fool,' an' he puts in dat same word 'fore 'fool,' an' walks off cussin'.

"When I tole Mr. Crofton about de conversation, he said dat McGinnis was an ignorant Dissenter.

"Instid o' gwine to de vestry what made de 'rangement wid him, McGinnis laid all de blame on de minister; an' nex' day when Mr. Crofton was on de way to de post-office McGinnis stopped him in front o' Biggs' bar-room.

"Dat meetin' of McGinnis an' de minister was de onliest thing I missed through de whole row. I was too far away, an' though I hurried up as soon as I could, I never cotch nothin' but de motions.

"McGinnis come out o' de bar-room, leavin' Biggs an' his loafers to listen from de door. De meetin' was short, an' McGinnis did most o' de talkin'. Mr. Crofton waited till McGinnis was through wid his blusterin', den he kyarved him up lak he done Mr. Welham. I thought McGinnis was gwine hit him, an' I believe Mr. Crofton thought so too, for I seed de minister's hands tighten at his side, an' dar he stood lak a rock till McGinnis drap his fist, den he went on his way to de post-office. After Mr. Crofton was out o' hearin' Biggs an' his gang raised de laugh on McGinnis. Dey jes whooped an' hollered, an' I got behind a tree an' laughed too till I 'most split. De men in de bar-room tole McGinnis dat he had to stand treat for de crowd, an' dey made him do it; but when dey all raised their glasses McGinnis swore a turrible oath an' tole 'em he was gwine git even wid Mr. Crofton if he lost his soul a-doin' it. De men axed McGinnis how he gwine do hit, an' McGinnis, he say, 'Jes' wait,' an' he tuck on such a ugly face, I promise myse'f I'se gwine keep my eyes stretched.

"On de followin' Monday Mr. Crofton 'quainted de vestry of his meetin' wid McGinnis, an' read 'em an insultin' an' threatenin' letter what de man had sont him through de post-office. For hisse'f, de minister say, he had no fear, but McGinnis seemed determined to raise trouble, an' might try to interfere wid de music of de church, which would cause considerable inconvenience, 'specially just den, when de choir was practicing de music for Easter Sunday. To be certain o' de church's position in de question, Mr. Crofton tole de vestry dat he had made some investigations an' had found out dat de church was payin' as much for de use of de water-power as de broom-factory, or de city fountain, which run day an' night, an' de water company had no moral nor legal right for complaint. Such bein' de case, he didn't think de church should pay any more than she was a-payin', an' he wished to ask de vestry if dey didn't deem hit wise to state to McGinnis through a committee dat de church would not raise its price for the water, an' dat he must cease his scannerlus talk of de church's swindling de water company, an' keep away from hits preesinks unless he come in de sperrit o' peace.

"When de minister finish, de vestry sot dar an' gaze at one 'nother an' hem an' haw, for de water company had money to put in de bank, an' job printin' to let, an' store goods to buy, an' a power o' paternage to 'stribute round de town, an' McGinnis had de management of hit all.

"Den de minister 'membered dat grand barbecue speech, an' all de beautiful talk about de sperrit of progress, an' 'sistin' their beloved rector. Whar was dat 'thusiasm now? Hit hadn't no more enjorance than de cotton-waggins' dust blowed through de pines. Mr. Crofton looked round de room, an' I seed de light fadin' out of his face, and hit was a sight to give you de heartache."

Dan's face grew sad at the recollection, and I hastened to inquire what action the vestry took in the matter.

"Dey didn't take no action, sah," replied the old negro, returning to his story. "I knowed dey wouldn't. Jest as dey was scatterin', de vestryman what owned stock in de water company said to Mr. Welham dat he thought de church might pay a little more an' pacify McGinnis, for hit was de best policy for de church to live at peace wid de world. But Mr. Welham he say dat he thought de best policy was to let Mr. Crofton an' McGinnis scrap hit out.

"After McGinnis foun' out dat de vestry

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had gone back on de minister, he tuck to nosin' round de church an' raisin' more Cain than ever. He thought if he kep' a-kickin', de vestry would pay him any price he ax for de water; an' so hit went on till Passion Week, wid McGinnis sendin' sassy messages to de minister an' hangin' round de church lak a evil sperrit.

"Now hit happened dat dar was one chune what de choir was practicin' dat made McGinnis redder in de face than all de other music, an' dat chune was de Halleluyah chorus. Hit was Mr. Crofton's plan to have it sung on Palm Sunday, but de choir didn't learn hit in time, so he tole 'em to sing it for de offertory on Easter Day.

"Did yer ever chance to know dat chorus, sah?

"Well, sah, hit's de glorifyinest chune ever I hyerd. De spranners halleuyahed high up in the trebles, den de basses roared hit down low, an' de 'traltos an' de tenors pitched hit back an' forth in de middle; den dey all sot in an' shouted hit together, an' seesawed an' zigzagged up an' down de scale, while de organist played wid his all fours, an' ever' stop pulled out de very een. Hit sholy was a sight to see Mrs. Phillips singin' dat song. She patted her foot an' nodded her head an' sung till she got red in de face, for there ain't nobody gwine s'pose, what knows Mrs. Phillips, dat she'd let anybody halleluyah louder'n she did, an' she de fust spranner. An' all de time de choir was a-practicin' dat chorus an' a-halleluyahin' inside, McGinnis was outside de church watchin' dat water runnin', an' a-cussin'. Hit seem lak he thought Mr. Crofton an' de choir was a-crowin' over him; an', to tell de trufe, hit did have dat kind of a sound.

"The minister hoped dat after Lent was over an' McGinnis seed de services come less frequent dat he would simmer down an' de storm would blow over. But, sah, I knowed McGinnis, an' kep' on de watch out for devilment, an' de mornin' o' Sadday, de very day 'fore Easter, McGinnis played it on de minister de meanest dat any mortal man ever hyerd tell of. He struck at Mr. Crofton through de organist, Mr. Marbry; an' till you see Mr. Marbry, sah, you can't noways 'preciate de meanness o' McGinnis. I don't know whar Mr. Marbry come from, but when ole Miss Maria Prim throwed up de organ 'kaze she couldn't keep up wid de new-fangled High Church music, Mr. Crofton picked him up from somewhar. But, wharever he come from, dat little man's been through de mill o' misfortune, an' when you look at his little white face an' weak legs you can see de shadder of hit still restin' on him. Sometimes when I sees Mr. Marbry I misdoubt if he's got any bones.

"On Sadday mornin', after de service, Mr. Marbry stayed on to go over de Easter music by hisse'f when nobody was dar; for de ladies was comin' in de afternoon to dress de church wid flowers, an' Mr. Marbry was a nervous little man' an' dis was his last chance. He was a-playin' an' I was a-sweepin' when I hyern a heavy step come in de door; I turned to look, an', bless Gawd, hit was McGinnis, an' 'twas de fust time he'd been inside de church since de motor was put in. 'Now what you want here, man?' I said to myse'f, an' I leaned on my broom to watch. He marched straight up de aisle an' stood right behind de organist's back, an' Mr. Marbry war so tuck up wid de music he never seed nor hyerd him.

"'Hello!' says McGinnis; an' Mr. Marbry nearly fell back'ards over de bench.

"'Hello! I say,' says McGinnis ag'in, wid a devilish grin on his red face; 'that's very fine music you are makin'.'

"Mr. Marbry riz up shakin' all over, too skeered to open his mouth.

"'Ain't I good enough to speak to?' says McGinnis, still grinnin' dat ugly grin. 'I've come in here specially to shake hands with you.'

"Den Mr. Marbry put out his little tremblin' fingers an' McGinnis tuck 'em in his big rough han', an' de nex' second Mr. Marbry fell on his knees an' fotch a scream what made my hyar twis' up.

"Mr. Crofton runned in from de vestry-room an' jerked McGinnis loose, but de devilment was done, an' McGinnis went out de church jes' a-chucklin'.

"Mr. Marbry's fingers was squez mighty nigh to a jelly. In lesser'n two minutes dat han' had swole twice de size o' de other. Mr. Crofton done what he could for de pore little man. He tuck him down to de rectory an' bathed de han' in cold water, an' hot water, an' arniky, but nothin'

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wouldn't he'p him, an' he went home wid his arm in a sling.

"Well, sah, things looked mighty blue 'bout dat time, for what was Easter Day without music, an' what was music without de organ? Hit would be as bad as possum without sweet potaters.

"I seed dat Mr. Crofton was very sorrowful, an' I thought dat de devil had sholy won de day.

"'Dan,' said de minister, 'keep this matter quiet. The Lord will provide.'

"'How He gwine do hit, sah?' says I. 'Ain't anybody in dis whole town kin play dat music but de other organists, an' dey all got to play in their own churches tomorrow.'

"Mr. Crofton didn't say no more, an' I went back to my work at de church, keepin' a close mouth. I always tried to do jest what de minister told me, 'kaze I done found out hit was de right thing ever' time.

"Dat afternoon, when de church was all dressed wid flowers, an' I'd cleaned out de litter, I went up street to buy my Sunday pervisions. As I passed Biggs' bar-room I hyerd McGinnis tellin' de gang about de hand-shake he'd give de organist, an' I leaned ag'in' de wall to listen. Some o' de men laughed wid McGinnis at de way he had sp'iled de music an' got even wid de minister, but de rest looked sober, an' one young fellow turned on McGinnis an' tole him 'twas a cowardly trick. All de men jumped when dey hyerd dat word, for dey was all skeered o' McGinnis; an', what s'prised 'em de more, de young fellow was McGinnis's engineer at de water-works.

"In a minute de scrap was on, an' when dey pulled him off McGinnis, McGinnis give de young man his walkin'-papers in change for a black eye an' a bloody nose.

"Well, sah, I never have seed anything since I was borned dat look half so pretty to me as McGinnis wid dat head on him. After supper dat night I felt so good I couldn't keep hit to myse'f, an' I started for de rectory. Hit 'peared to me, though Mr. Crofton was a Christian an' a man o' Gawd, he wouldn't be noways human if he didn't draw some comfort from dat black eye an' broke nose o' McGinnis.

"De minister held his mouf straight when I tole him, but he couldn't keep de twinkle out of his eye.

"When I was through de story, I says to him:

"'Mr. Crofton, has de Lord purvided yit?'

"'Not yet, Dan, but he will,' said de minister; an' de words hadn't more than lef' his lips when de door-bell rang.

"Dat bell rang so pat I cotch my breaf, an' de minister was startled too. Den I started for de door.

"'Stop, Dan,' said de minister. 'I'll answer the bell this time.'

"Now maybe you gwine laugh, sah, but when Mr. Crofton left me all alone in dat room I felt somehow lak de niggers say dey feels when dey's hoodooed. Yit I knowed hit warn't no sinful spell, 'kaze I seed de cross hangin' over de chimney-place, an' smelled de Easter lilies on de minister's desk.

"Bime-by, waitin' dar in de place, which was so still I could listen at myse'f a-breathin', I hyerd de front door shet, an', peekin' out de winder, I seed Mr. Crofton go out de gate wid somebody. I couldn't make out who hit was, an' wondered if some sick person had sent for de minister, or if it mought be dat McGinnis, not satisfied wid de harm he'd done to Mr. Marbry an' mad at de lickin' he'd got in de scrap at Biggses, was layin' a trap for Mr. Crofton in de dark. When dis last notion struck me, I turned cole all over an' snatched up my hat to foller. Den I drapped hit ag'in, fer dey had got so far hit would be lak s'archin' for a black sheep in de dark unless I knowed whar dey was a-gwine, which I didn't s'picion in de least. So I done de nex' best thing, an' kep' it up till de minister come back.

"When Mr. Crofton cotch me on my knees, I jumped up kind o' shame-lak. But I forgot all de shame-feelin' in de light of de minister's face.

"'Dan, the Lord has provided!'

"'What's dat you say, Mr. Crofton!' I jerked out. 'Is—is he gwine send a angel to play de organ to-morrow?'

"Hit soun's foolish now, what I said dat night, but I was so glad to see de minister safe an' sound, an' so worked up wid de waitin', an' de prayin', an' de shinin' o' de cross, an' de sweetness o' de lilies, I wouldn't 'a' been s'prised at nothin'.

"Mr. Crofton smiled.

"'No, Dan, not an angel, but the young

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fellow who gave McGinnis the black eye. He is a German.'

"'But, sah, kin he play de Easter music? Does he know de Halleluyah chorus?'

"'We have been through all the Easter music at the church, and he renders the chorus with more spirit than Mr. Marbry. It was a German who composed the Halleluyah chorus.'

"'Well, sah,' says I, grinnin' all over, 'to-morrow's gwine be Easter an' Thanksgivin' all rolled up together.' An' wid a happy good-night to de minister I started for home.

"As I walked by de flower gardens I seed de white roses an' de lilies, all shiny wid de dew, leanin' towards de east to ketch de fust glory of de dawn; an' de sweet smells what can't be seen nor hyerd seem lak dey was strayin' through de star light an' shakin' han's for joy.

"But dar warn't nothin' dat night happier than me.

"If Mr. Crofton hadn't been a Christian an' a minister, I would 'a' sholy 'spicioned dat he toted a rabbit's foot, 'kaze ever'thing was a-turnin' out so fine. I felt so good all over dat if I'd been a Methodist nigger, lak I use to be, I raly b'lieve I would 'a' shouted; but jest before I got home I felt my faith a-weakenin'. Hit's a pity, sah, dat a Christian's faith ain't more enjoren. When I lifted de latch I begin to misdoubt de trust I brung from de rectory, an' I said to myself, 'If de Lord has purvided, de devil ain't dead, an' McGinnis is still got one eye open, an' dar's plenty of time for him to git in his work.' An', layin' awake in de bed till four o'clock, I worked hit out dis way. If so be McGinnis was satisfied wid de devilment he'd already done, an' laid abed till noon nussin' his head an' thinkin' dat when he crippled de organist de music was sp'iled, all was gwine to turn out well for de minister an' me; but, on de other han', if so be McGinnis riz early an' come by de church in de mornin', an' see dat Mr. Crofton had got de better of him, an', worser still, finds out dat de man at de organ was de same fellow what give him de black eye, dar would be trouble. He could do one more thing without comin' in reach o' de law; an' if I was foxy enough to drap onto hit in my mind, I knowed hit couldn't 'scape McGinnis.

"I gits up soon, sah, ever' mornin', but nex' day I riz when de east was red, to go an' open de church an' git de sexton's treat what comes ever' Easter an' lasts me for a year. What is it? Well, now, I'm 'most afeard to tell you, 'kaze you might come an' rob me of hit to-morrow mornin'. Hit's de fust smell o' de flowers in de church on Easter Day. Dat's de sexton's treat.

"When I opened de door all quiet-lak dat mornin', de church was so sweet and peaceful seem lak I cotched de shine of a angel's wing through de lilies on de altar, but hit mought 'a' been de light peepin' in de east window. I stood right still, an' de sweet lonesomeness of de place began to bring back de trust I had at de rectory de night before. But, all de same, when de forenoon come an' de bell was rung an' de service was opened, I tuck my seat outside de church on de little foot-bridge whar I could look four ways for McGinnis.

"About de middle o' de service he turned a corner two blocks off an' come down de street. De minister was jest gwine to read de Epistle, an' I did hope hit would last till McGinnis passed de church. If hit had 'a' been Good Friday 'twould 'a' helt out, but de Easter Epistle is short, an' jest as McGinnis reached de bridge de choir struck up wid de 'Glory be to Thee,' an', worst luck of all, dat young German pawed an' cut de pigeon's wing on de organ pedals lak he was dancin' at a ball.

"McGinnis stopped an' pulled his short pipe out of his mouth.

"'Who is that at the organ, Dan?'

"He looked at me sharp-lak wid his good eye. De other one was jest beginnin' to peep open, an', wid a black splotch round hit, an' his swell-up nose, he sholy was a sight to skeer de crows.

"I stood up from de bridge respectful-lak, an' a turrible temptation struck me. Thinks I, 'Maybe if I say hit's one of de ladies, he'll go on down town after his drink without raisin' trouble. De service is half through.' Then I thinks, 'No, I ain't gwine tell no lie on Easter Day.' Hit wouldn't 'a' done no good, sah, 'kaze I was shore McGinnis knowed hit warn't no woman's foot pawin' dem pedals.

"'Hit's a man, sah,' says I.

"All de same I wasn't gwine tell McGinnis more'n I was obleege to.

"'What man?'

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"'I don't know his name, sah.'

"Dat last word I say was half de trufe. De Dutchman's name was some'h'n lak Swizzelhammer or Swoxelhimmer, or a mixture of de two. I never could 'member dem Dutch names.

"'Do I know him?' says McGinnis.

"Den I sorter stammered an' said,

"'You kin go in de church an' see if you know him, sah.'

"I knowed McGinnis wouldn't go in de church wid dat head on him. But soon as I answered I seed dat I'd drapped my watermelon. McGinnis had cotch on.

"'You black rascal!' said he, grabbin' me by de collar an' shakin' me, 'who's playin' that organ?'

"De game was up den, an' I 'fessed. I tole him hit was de Dutchman, an' ever'thing. I had to, for wid ever' question come a choke an' a shake. When McGinnis foun' out dat de choir hadn't sung de Halleluyah chorus yit, he drapped me an' felt in his pocket. He was lookin' for his wrench to turn off de water. Dat was what I was feared of.

"De wrench wasn't dar. He went to de hydrant, which was on de edge of de sidewalk jest outside de vestry-room. an' tried to work hit wid his fingers. He couldn't. He hammered wid a brickbat. Dat wouldn't do. Den he riz wid a swear an' started off to git his wrench.

"As soon as McGinnis turned de corner, I slipped in de vestry-room to tell de minister. When Mr. Crofton come in de room to git his sermon while de choir was singin' de last hyme, I said:

"'McGinnis has gone to git de wrench to turn off de water an' sp'ile de Halleluyah chorus!' An' I trimbled all over.

"'Have faith, Dan. Perhaps he won't find it,' said de minister; but he looked troubled.

"A thought struck me. I shuffled from de room, an' was back in a minute.

"'What have you done, Dan?' asked de minister.

"'Dat water ain't gwine be turned off to-day,' I answered, dodgin' de question.

"'Dan, what have you done?" said de minister agin.

"'McGinnis, he tuck me by de th'oat an' choked me.'

"'Daniel Groby, what have you done?'

"De choir started on de last verse of de hyme, an' Mr. Crofton stood wid his han' on de door-knob lookin' me through an' through.

"'I ain't done much. I jest drapped some sand an' grabbel in de hydrant so McGinnis can't unscrew it. Is I done wrong, sah?'

"Are you sure McGinnis can't turn off the water?' said Mr. Crofton.

"'Not if he bust hisse'f. De pipe's got to come up fust. Is—is I done a sin?'

"'No, Dan.'

"De minister's eye twinkled, an' he went back to preach de sermon.

"When de door closed behind him, I stayed dar in de vestry-room, but I lef' de outside door on de crack so I could keep my eye on dat hydrant. In a little while McGinnis come back, jes' a-puffin', wid de wrench in his han'. He was afeard to be too late, but when he hyerd de minister's voice he drawed a long breaf an' looked all aroun'. I reckin he was lookin' for me, an' I sholy was glad to be in dat vestry-room.

"'Now he gwine take a pull on dat screw,' says I to myse'f, peepin' through de crack of de door. But no. He lit his pipe, an' sat down on a root of de oak-tree wid de wrench in his han'. Den I cotch on to de meanness of de man.

"Well, sah, he sot dar smokin' till de sermon was over, an' den he riz an' went to de hydrant, an', fittin' on de wrench, waited for de chorus to begin. Soon as de choir was in full tilt he gave a pull, but de screw wouldn't budge for de sand an' grabbel.

"'Halleluyah!' roared de basses, an' McGinnis pulled again till his face turned red.

"'Halleluyah!' tuck up de 'traltos, an' McGinnis give another pull, an' by de movin' of his lips I knowed he was cussin' a blue streak.

"'Halleluyah! Halleluyah!' shouted de tenors an' spranners; den de whole business jined in together as if dey gwine lif' de roof off de church, wid Mrs. Phillips spreadin' herself an' outdoin' em all. Wid ever' shout McGinnis got madder an' madder, till in de middle of de chorus he braced his feet an' brought a jerk what busted de wrench, an' he went over back-'ards in a turrible fall across de roots of de tree, an' dar he laid wid a broken leg.

"In two minutes church was over.

"'I'm sorry, Dan,' said de minister, takin' off his surplice; 'but the way of

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the transgressor is hard.' Den he hurried out whar the people was getherin' about McGinnis, an' had him carried to de rectory—for McGinnis didn't have no home but a boardin'-house—an' dar he stayed two months.

"At fust McGinnis couldn't understan' dat play of de minister, nor I neither.

"De mornin' after Easter, when I come in de room to fotch McGinnis his breakfuss, he raised his head up for to cuss an' swear; den, all sudden-lak, he glanced at de minister standin' in de door behind me, an' stopped hisse'f.

"Mr. Crofton he didn't say nothin'. He jes' walked to de bed an' tuck McGinnis' han', an' dey looked at one 'nother 'bout a minute. Den McGinnis turned his face to de wall. When de minister seed dat, he put de nice breakfuss on de table by de bed, jes' to McGinnis' han', an' tuck me out de room wid him.

"Dat finished de man. Lo an' behole, nex' time de bishop come, McGinnis was confirmed."

"Dan," said I, "your story is like a fairy tale."

"What's dat, sah?"

"A story where everything is better than in real life."

"You won't find dat fault wid hit when you hyer de last word, sah," said Dan with a sigh. "De minister's gwine to leave us."

"Going away!"

"Yes, sah. Ginul Tompkins was in de rights of hit. Mr. Crofton is too big a man for Oakville, an' dey have made him a Bishop up in de Northwest. Dey needs him out dar 'mong dem Injuns an' Injun agents. I hyer tell dar's men up dar worser than McGinnis."

And the old sexton went into the sanctuary to sweep, very sorrowful.

The Meditation of an Early Christian

By Edith M. Thomas

To that great Light that shone from Nazareth,
Who best discerned the things of Life, of Death,
Who taught us, first and last, that love for man
Avails where naught else can,

Who gave the Law, *To others do as ye*
Yourselves would be done by—I make my plea,
(And pardon grant that oft I strove, and failed,
To show how Love availed!)

For this I found—full often found, in sooth—
The precious things of justice and of truth
And faith fraternal which, past all, I sought,
By men were deemed as naught;

Since better did they love to be beguiled
With glozing words and flatteries smoothly filed,
And little did they crave that I should do
The deed I deemed most true.

I gave them what I daily prayed might be
In human love apportioned unto me—
What had been meat, to fill my hungering lot;
In vain! it fed them not.

And now, I see it is not counted good
To do to others save as *others* would.
Lord, in what manner should one hold
Thy Law surnamed of Gold?

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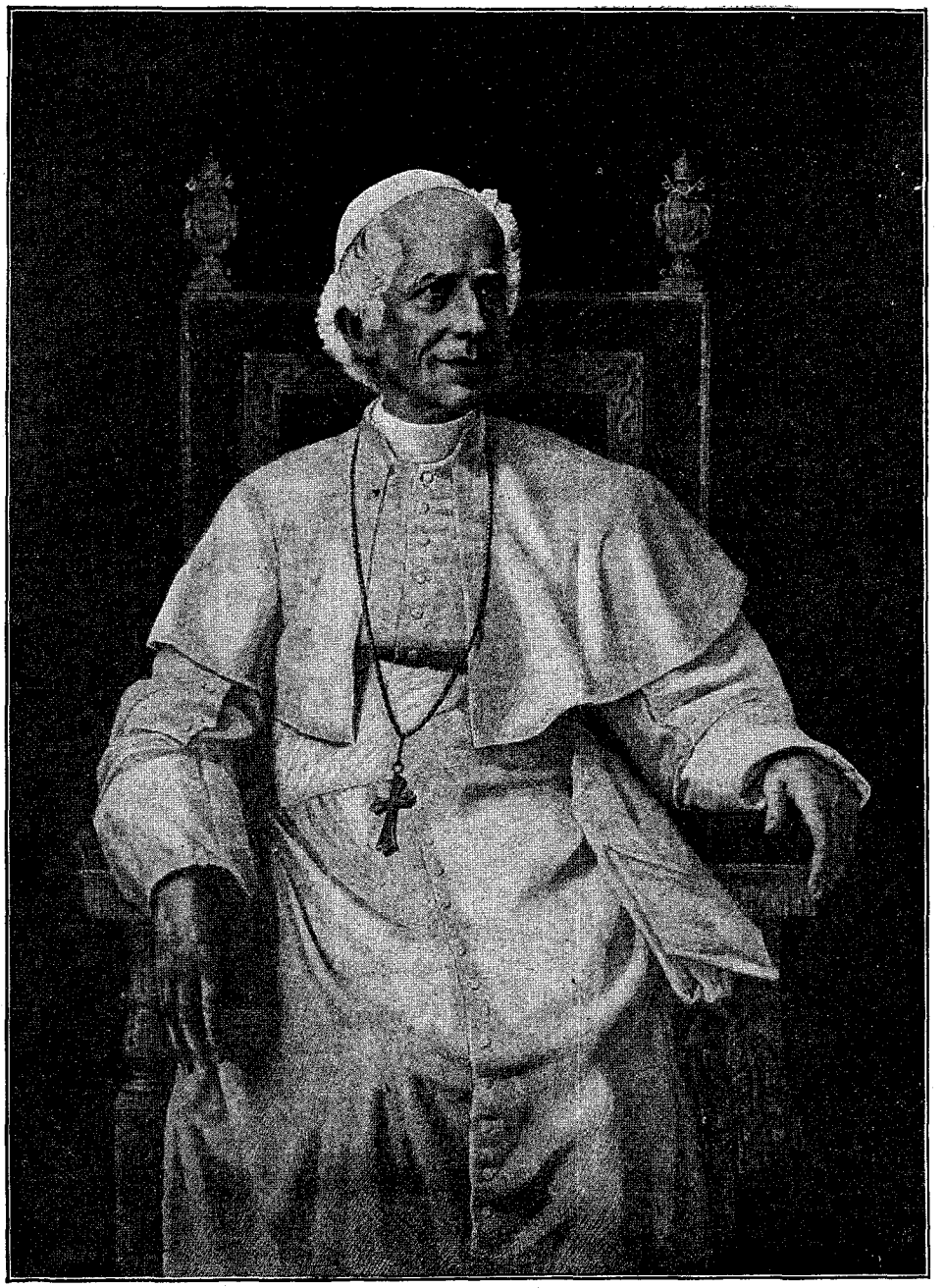

POPE LEO XIII.

After a painting by P. Toussaint.

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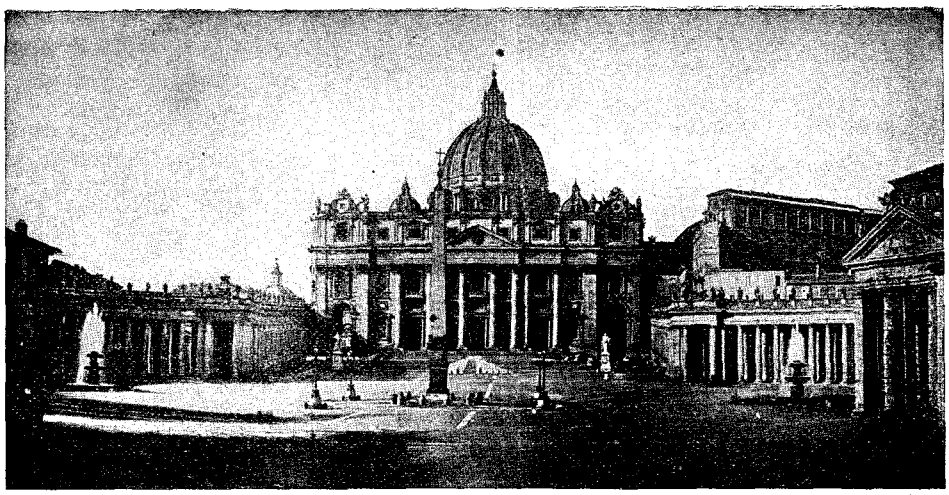

Leo the Thirteenth

By F. Marion Crawford

WE often ask a man what impression a person has produced upon him, and we are too apt to forget that, although impact may be mutual, impression cannot; the weak cannot impress itself upon the strong, nor the soft upon the hard.

Leo the Thirteenth is to be classed among the hard and the strong, among those who leave their mark upon others and upon their times, but who are not themselves easily affected by men or by circumstances; whose principles are bred in them, not acquired, whose opinions proceed from within outwards, not from without inwards, whose actions are the resultant of principles, opinions, and thoughts, rather than the expression of instinct—persons, in short, whose minds belong most distinctly to the rigid and masculine type, rather than to the feminine, pliant, and artistic. It is impossible not to be impressed by such a man; it must be very hard, on the other hand, to impress one's self upon him.

Leo the Thirteenth has been Pope more than twenty years, and his reign is counted among the long pontificates; he is a man of prodigious talent, of unchanging principle, and untiring energy; the question that presents itself first in connection with him is this—what has been the effect produced upon the world in the fifth of a century by such a power acting continually at one point?

In the first place, it has not been creative, and we must therefore look for the result it has effected, not in any new fact, theory, or institution, but in the development of conditions and circumstances already existing, in which its influence has been exercised. In the liberal arts there is no such thing as genius without creation; the genius of the military conqueror creates a campaign beforehand, as a writer conceives a story, and then makes history by converting fiction into fact; but there is undoubtedly a form of genius, ordinative and not creative, which finds its field of action in government rather than in conquest, and in the reduction of confusion to order, rather than in the evolution of form from chaos.

It is to this latter class that the mind of the present Pope belongs; and the merest glance at his reign shows that it has been one of wise selection and of logical development, in which the questions that proved fatal to the power of Pius the Ninth have been prudently left to themselves, while the energy of the whole Church has been constantly directed upon matters Catholic in that they concern mankind, rather than in the more limited sense of connection with the Church. It has been a political pontifi-

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cate rather than a theological one, but it has been much more human, in the widest sense, than it has been political. It has been a reign of law, but much more than that it has been a reign of peace; and if at any one moment during the last twenty years the precise influence exercised by the Pope in the balance of European power could have been calculated, separately and by itself, it would have been found in every case to be wholly in the direction of peace as against violence, and altogether in favor of a conservative stability in all countries, as against the many and changing theories of instability whereby Socialism proposes to bring the world to perpetual peace and prosperity.

By way of a rough demonstration of these assertions it may be enough to say that Leo the Thirteenth has promulgated no dogmas; that, while occasionally asserting the theory that at least a minimum of territorial sovereignty is necessary to insure freedom of action to the Popes, yet he has never allowed himself to be drawn into such political intrigues for the recovery of the temporal power as Cardinal Antonelli forced upon Pius the Ninth; and that, while maintaining the position of a prisoner in the Vatican in his own person, he has not only kept himself in constant relations with the men of his time, but has been as real, as active, and as good a factor in all the great questions of his day as if he had waived the question of the temporal sovereignty by consenting to be driven in a closed carriage, on fine days, from the Vatican to the Villa Borghese and back. On the whole, Leo the Thirteenth has never withdrawn himself from affairs with the doubtful dignity of a "non possumus;" he has never said "we cannot," but, on the contrary, has most distinctly said "we can," and has acted, to the best of his strength and genius, for the good of the world.

In the year 1878 Pius the Ninth and King Victor Emanuel died within almost exactly a month of each other, and Joachim Vincent Pecci was elected to the pontificate. Cardinal Pecci was at that time exactly sixty-eight years old, having been installed on the day succeeding his birthday. He was looked upon as an old man, and, notwithstanding a popular prophecy concerning the reigns of the Popes which predicted that he was to live at least twenty years after his election, it was not generally expected that he would have a long reign. People forgot the remarkable physical strength which had been his as a young man, and which was as much due to the vigorous stock from which he sprang as to the fact that he was born and bred in the healthy air of the Volscian Mountains, and had been both a sportsman and an athlete. Before he was seventy he was already unusually thin and transparently pale; but he was still perfectly erect; he had, I believe, never suffered any serious illness; he was still so active that younger men had difficulty in keeping pace with him when he walked, while he himself needed so little rest that he frequently ate his meals standing, by mouthfuls, rather than wholly interrupt the writing he was doing at another table; and he rarely if ever slept more than five hours during the night. He would have been classed by ancient physicians under the Saturnine variety of man, for he possesses the very strong osseous structure, the solid nervous organization, and the lean muscular development of melancholic temperaments. He has the excessively bright eyes which generally denote one of three sorts of talent—military, financial, or literary. Possibly he possesses something of all three, but his superiority as a man of letters and a financier cannot be questioned. His speech is unhesitating rather than fluent, impressive rather than persuasive, and his manner is at once authoritative and very formal. He neither invites confidence nor gives it easily; and yet nothing in his conversation suggests the idea of a diplomatic choice of truths, for if he consents to speak on any subject at all, he treats it with the frankness of one willing that all should know his opinions, but also with the dignity of one who claims that all shall respect them, whether agreeing with him or not.

To the outward observer there is not much difference between the career of one ecclesiastic and another, of those who are neither monks nor missionaries and who rise by slow degrees from the secular priesthood to the highest dignities of the Church. Though there be nothing secret about their advancement, few inquire into its causes or care to ask wherein the merit of any particular churchman has lain. Joachim Pecci entered the priest-

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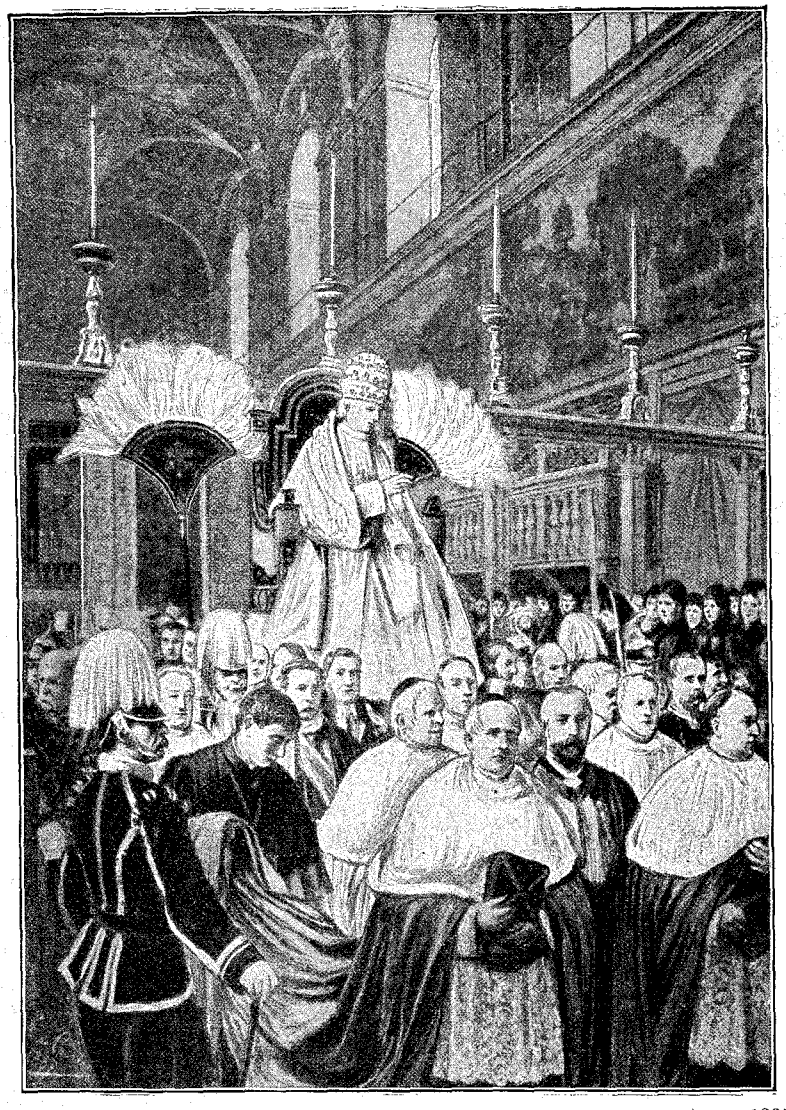

POPE LEO XIII. BORNE IN THE SEDIA GESTATORIA AT HIS JUBILEE IN 1887

hood about the canonical age of twenty-four, with a reputation for letters and scholarship which has clung to him through life. He did not become a parish priest, but was immediately attached to the offices of the Vatican, under Gregory the Sixteenth; and though lost sight of there by the outer world during a number of years, it was undoubtedly in those subordinate positions that he first distinguished himself by superior learning and brilliancy. There is no organization in existence that selects its officers with more unerring wisdom and foresight than the Roman Catholic Church. For this, even its enemies praise it, and in this particular its friends seek to become its imitators. The first distinction conferred upon the young Pecci, of which the world knew anything, was a diplomatic one; and it is as a diplomatist—or, to give him his due, as a statesman—that Leo the Thirteenth will be remembered in history. He was sent as Nuncio to Brussels, being at that time already consecrated Bishop, though under forty years of age; and though the times afforded him no opportunity of displaying his exceptional talents, it was in Brussels that he first saw something of European diplomacy as it was practiced

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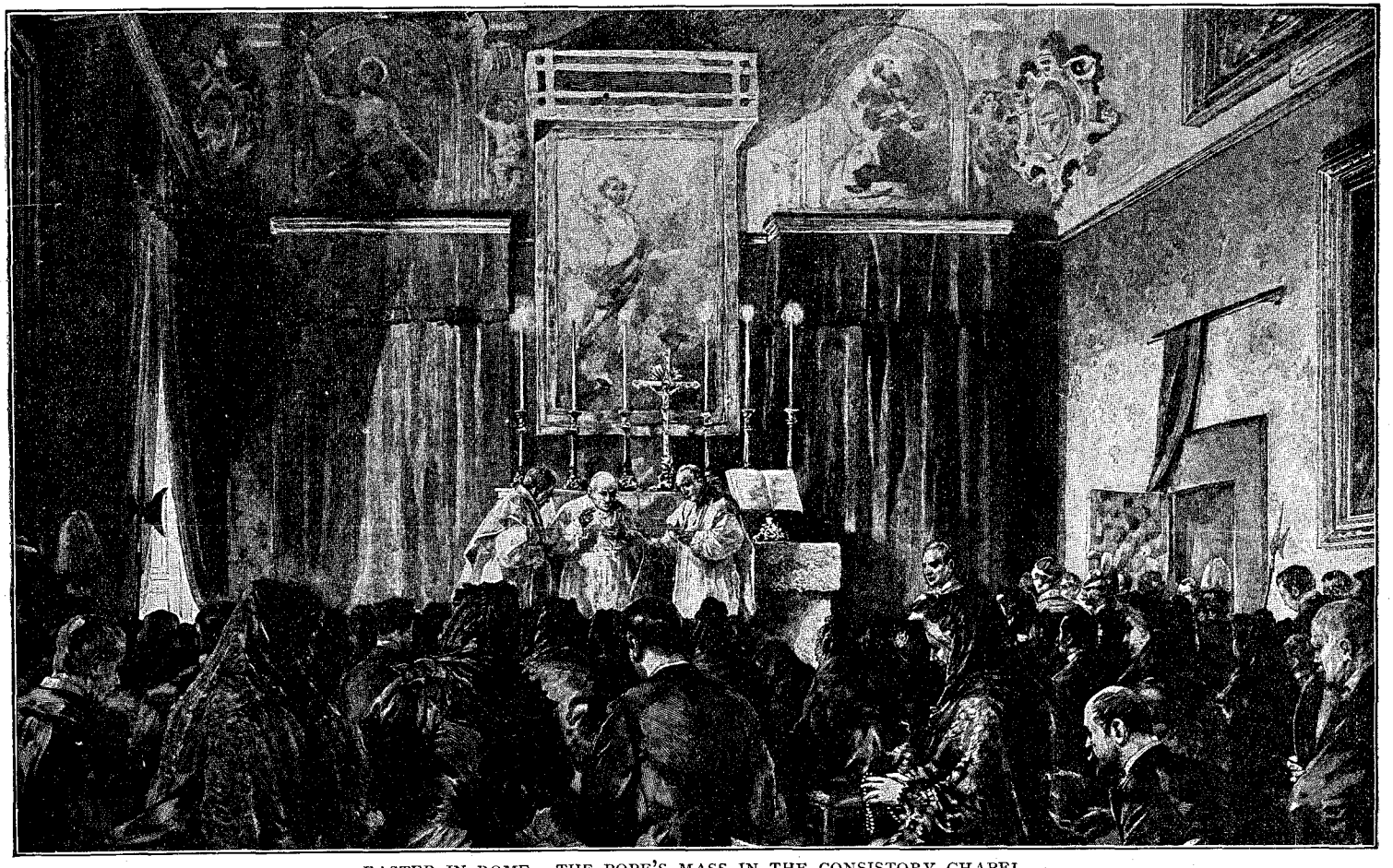

EASTER IN ROME. THE POPE'S MASS IN THE CONSISTORY CHAPEL

After a Drawing by L. Rousseau

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in every city excepting Rome. For, in the days of the temporal power, everything that was done in the ecclesiastical capital was done by ecclesiastical methods—very slow, very sure, but in general very cumbrous and complicated. That Monsignor Pecci, as he was then called, did all that was expected of him in Belgium, and did it well, is amply proved by the fact of his early advancement to the Archbishopric of Perugia. In an almost prophetic way his arrival in Perugia foreshadowed his elevation to the pontificate. Between the two events there was in any case a very remarkable resemblance. When the young prelate reached his archdiocese in Tuscany, Perugia had within a few years been the scene of a bloody strife between the papacy and the revolutionaries.

Antonelli, already Prime Minister, had put down the uprising with a relentless hand; mercenary troops had been employed to inflict condign punishment upon the Perugians; a cruel massacre spared no suspected persons, and even a party of American travelers barely escaped with their lives by the courage and wit of a Swiss soldier, who had formerly seen them at the Vatican, who recognized them, forced the whole party into a closet, and, throwing himself down before the door, pretended to be dead drunk until the danger was passed. The new Archbishop found the popular feeling strongly against the Church and in favor of the unification of Italy; he found the city garrisoned by Italian troops, under the command of officers from whom he could expect but little sympathy; and he saw at once that he must choose and follow a definite course of action. From the first he opened his house to all comers, including the officers of the garrison, and invited the discussion of topics of the day rather than avoided it; he showed his visitors that he was what he is to-day, not only a churchman, but an Italian and a man; and before he had been in Perugia a year he was universally respected and generally liked in the city which Antonelli's troops had reddened with Italian blood.

Few men who attain to the very highest distinctions in the world pass through many different phases of activity before finding the career for which they are naturally fitted; and though adventurers have occasionally reached high places, they have rarely, if ever, attained and maintained the highest. The life of Leo the Thirteenth has been one of intense concentration, leading by direct steps to the pontificate. In Perugia he was the right man in the right place; he was in the heart of the difficulties between the Papacy and the Italian Kingdom, and he was in his element in a perpetual opposition wherein he was continually gaining ground. There he remained, even after he had been made a Cardinal, until the death of Pius the Ninth, when his own immediate election to the Holy See offered him the final opportunity of his life. Outside of Italy the news that Cardinal Pecci was made Pope conveyed no idea nor especial meaning to those who heard it; among Italian laymen, except in Perugia, it excited curiosity rather than comment; among churchmen it produced profound and universal satisfaction, and the only anxiety that was felt for the future was for the new Pope's physical ability to do the work imposed upon him.

As when he entered upon his duties in Perugia he had met with opposition on all sides, and with a deep-rooted hatred of the Papacy as an earthly power, so, when at last crowned Pope, he found that the world was against him and that he must climb the political glass mountain down which Pius the Ninth had glided so smoothly and surely to political destruction. In 1878 England represented to the world the success of certain pseudo-scientific theories which never had any real hold upon the believing English people, but which English men of science, of otherwise deserved reputation, floated like toy boats upon the high tide of British imperialism. Mr. Gladstone, though never virulent in attacking any genuine form of Christianity, had promoted the unification of Italy on purely humanitarian grounds; at the same time, by his character and his principles, he was the most typical living representative of the Protestant idea. In 1878 Paris, having but lately disgraced the French name in the Commune of 1871, was already boasting again that she was France, that France was republican, and that what Paris called a republic, namely, an anti-religious and often venal bureaucracy, was the only possible government for civilized man. In 1878 the young German Empire, bursting with health and

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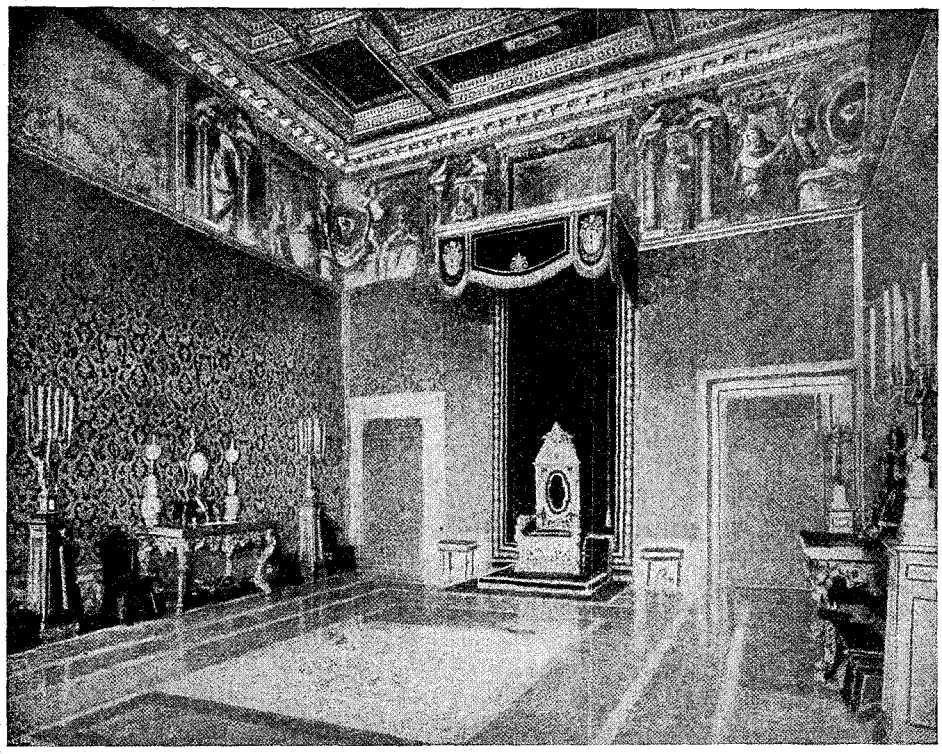

THE THRONE-ROOM IN THE VATICAN

spirits, like a boy fresh from school, was loudly repeating its newly learned lesson to an intimidated if not an admiring world. There was no God but the god of German battles, and Luther and Calvin, who might reasonably have been surprised at finding themselves classed together, were his prophets, subject to the advice and military censorship of Prince Bismarck. Lastly, in 1878, Italian unity was a success, and Italy was just entering upon that brief period of prosperity which she readily ascribed to her victory over the Pope, which dazzled herself and delighted her friends, but which, by the overstraining of her strength in futile speculations, soon ended in the ruin which we deplore to-day.

To be brief, civilized Europe was anti-Catholic where it was Protestant, and anti-papal where it was Catholic. The temporal power in its traditional form was irrevocably lost; the purely ecclesiastical rights of the Pope in the management of the Catholic Church were openly resisted in some countries, while it was attempted to abolish them by law in others; and when the body of Pius the Ninth was temporarily laid to rest in Saint Peter's, grave men in Rome shook their heads, as many grave and not unwise persons did elsewhere, and solemnly declared that the Roman Catholic Church was an institution of the past.

Such was the state of things when Leo the Thirteenth was crowned. He had the world against him; there were battles which must be fought at once, if they were to be fought at all; and the organization which has been the wonder of the world since Gregory the Seventh conceived it and Urban the Second made it a fact, more than eight hundred years ago, was weak from long disuse and clogged by the accumulated refuse of antiquated procedure. Leo the Thirteenth declared war upon two evils as soon as he was Pope—social democracy in Europe at large, and inefficiency among the prelates and priests of the Roman Catholic Church. In other words, he took from the first the position of a censor and a restorer within his own immediate province; and, beyond that, he took his stand among the conservative sovereigns of Europe. Those first steps ultimately decided the opinion of Europe in his favor; his determination

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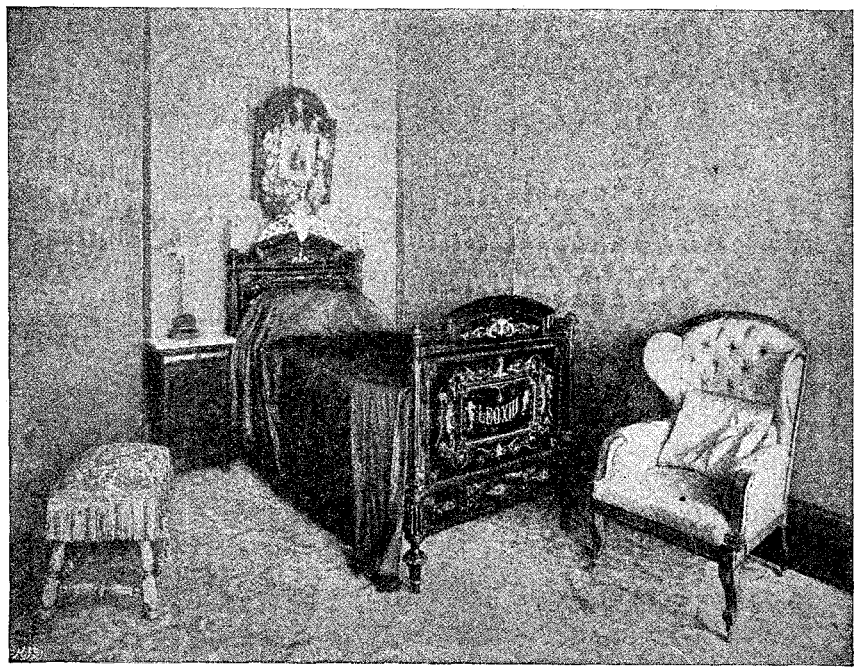
to improve the internal conditions of the Church commanded respect, and his conservative action disarmed suspicion. People remembered how, soon after his accession, Pius the Ninth had shown a dangerous sympathy for the Young Italian party, conveying the impression that he would have been willing to accept something like the honorary presidency of the Confederate States of Italy; and no one had forgotten the disastrous consequences that ensued when, being obliged to retire from the confusion he had produced, the young and enthusiastic Pope fell under the absolute dominion of Cardinal Antonelli's savage reactionism. Europe was proportionately grateful to Leo the Thirteenth for his uncompromising declarations in favor of stability of government; and where more than one nation had expected to find a dangerous adversary, most of the European governments saw at a glance that in one most important respect they had a firm and powerful ally. Leo the Thirteenth could tell the citizens of France that, since they had elected to be governed by what they believed to be a republic, it was their duty to stand by it, to obey its laws, and to fight for its existence; he could tell the world, in one of his most brilliant encyclicals, that man was before nations were, and that the rights of man go before the rights of any government; but, in the face of any movement even faintly resembling the anarchy that now calls itself socialism, but which by the slightest accident to the machinery of modern history may become again, at any center of action, the Commune of 1871—then Leo the Thirteenth becomes as conservative as the British Constitution, as energetic as the new German Empire, and as stubborn as his own inflexible will can make him.

It is generally easy to determine what the great personages of any age have done for themselves; it is quite another matter to calculate with any degree of precision what they have done for others. Leo the Thirteenth's enemies, who are relatively very few, would not go so far as to say that his reign has been a selfish one, nor even one in which he has bestowed the slightest consideration upon his family. The integrity and wisdom with which he has administered the Church's finances for the Church's benefit are beyond doubt or question; and, apart from the legitimate use of the remarkable faculties with which he is endowed by nature, it cannot be said that he has labored for his own fame. In other words, his long and active reign has



THE POPE'S BEDROOM

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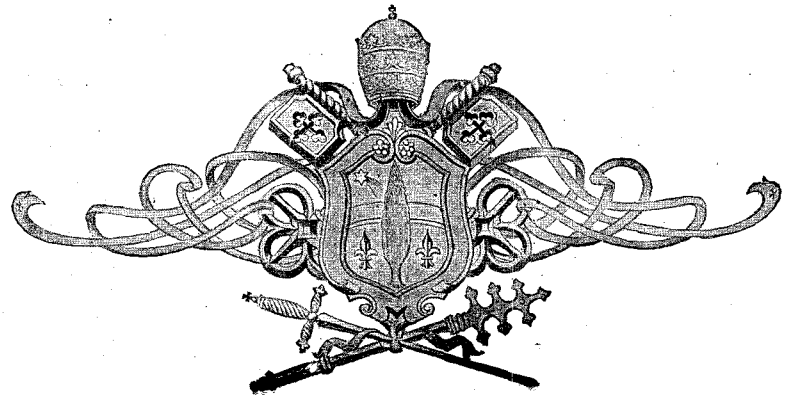
been spent in a continuous effort for the good of other men, of which it is exceedingly hard to judge or reckon the results.

Roughly, they may be said to have been twofold—within and without the immediate sphere of a churchman's action. It would be useless to enlarge here upon the successful management of internal details, the simplification of old-fashioned rules and methods, the careful selection of men for the work which they were to do. The present Pope has done more to give the Church strength and sincerity in those respects than a dozen of his predecessors. It is of more importance, if possible, to judge of the general political result of so much sustained energy. On the whole, it can hardly be denied by any one who has followed the course of modern events that Pope Leo's influence has been most distinctly in the direction of peace; and should it be the world's misfortune to see him succeeded by a pontiff of more combative disposition, Europe will understand more clearly than now the character of the man whom she must lose in the course of the next few years. Again and again, when a war has been impending between civilized nations, the whole weight of the Vatican's diplomacy has been thrown into the scale to bring about a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Without going further back than the circumstances which immediately preceded the conflict in which we have lately been engaged with Spain, it is known to every one that the Pope used every available means to oppose a declaration of war. Nor must it be imagined that he made the effort on behalf of Spain as a Catholic country. When he was called upon, some years ago, to act as arbitrator between Spain and the German Empire, in the question of the Caroline Islands, he decided with little hesitation in favor of the Protestant power, because the latter undoubtedly had right and justice on its side. So, on the present occasion, his voice has been given, not for Spain, but for mankind; not for party, but for peace; not for human interests, but for humanity.

The statement, so often repeated in our times, that war is impossible in an age of enlightenment and civilization, has been regularly answered and refuted by the grimly convincing argument of bloodshed. We have nevertheless so far advanced upon rougher times that religious warfare is a thing of the past; and it is safe to say that this state will continue until atheism rises with anarchy to attack belief. We may even venture to hope that all extremes of virulence in feeling and speech are at an end between the different denominations of those who believe in one God. Leo the Thirteenth has a right to be judged, to be respected, and to be honored as a man who has done much good in his time, by men of all creeds and of every faith. Of few Popes can it be said that their political influence throughout a long reign has been so steadily and universally beneficent. The man who has set an example of toleration to his age may justly claim some breadth and fairness at the hands of his contemporaries; at a time when wise men consider that a universal war is by no means an impossibility, he who has so often been among the peacemakers deserves an honorable place among the great; and in a century in which so many have striven for gain, he who has labored long and well for others has earned the gratitude of his fellow-men.



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A Day with the Pennsylvania Amish

By W. H. Richardson

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

AN AMISH FATHER WITH ONE OF THE ADMIRERS OF HIS LONG HAIR

"GREEN-WALLED" by the hills of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and watered by the wonderfully beautiful Conestoga, Cocalico, and Pequea Creeks, is a section of the Keystone State that is almost unknown to the rest of the world. It is remote from the great highways of travel, but occasionally the tourist who is being whirled across the State catches glimpses of a picturesquely clad people at the railway stations at the city of Lancaster and the smaller towns and villages a short distance east of that place. For instance, there is a man in an odd suit of brown or gray homespun; if it is winter, a long overcoat supplemented with a short cape reaching to the shoulders gives an added quaintness to his garb; from beneath his broad and straight-brimmed felt hat his long hair falls over the collar of his coat; a good pair of honest eyes set above a strongly fashioned nose look the truth which the man's finely chiseled lips are known to speak.

The man is a native of that strange land and a representative of one of the two most curious survivals in all America. He is a member of that peculiar religious organization known as the Amish Mennonite, a schism of the Mennonite Church which seceded from the main body about the year 1693. Jacob Ammon led the movement, and so he and his followers in Switzerland and Alsace were known as "Amish," as are also those of this day and generation who hold to the doctrines he insisted upon.

So far as language, manners, dress, and traditions are concerned, the Amish of Lancaster County are foreigners in America; and, to all intents and purposes, the visitor to the hospitable community in which they have lived for many generations is far enough from home, too. The language one hears is almost the same as that of the Rhine country of two centuries ago; the dress of the women suggests Holland or Brittany; the religion, with its austerities and its curious practices and observances, smacks of the days of the Reformation. And, almost within sight of the hills which bound their peaceful valleys, the smoke of factory chimneys and of rushing railway trains tells of a busy world wherein people are panting and throbbing in the chase for riches or fame or some other unsatisfied ambition, while the Amish go on in their sincere way working out the destiny of the race as implied in the petition, "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven."

One glorious Sunday last summer we drove up to the gate of a farm-house in the land of the Amish on Conestoga Creek. We had been told that meeting

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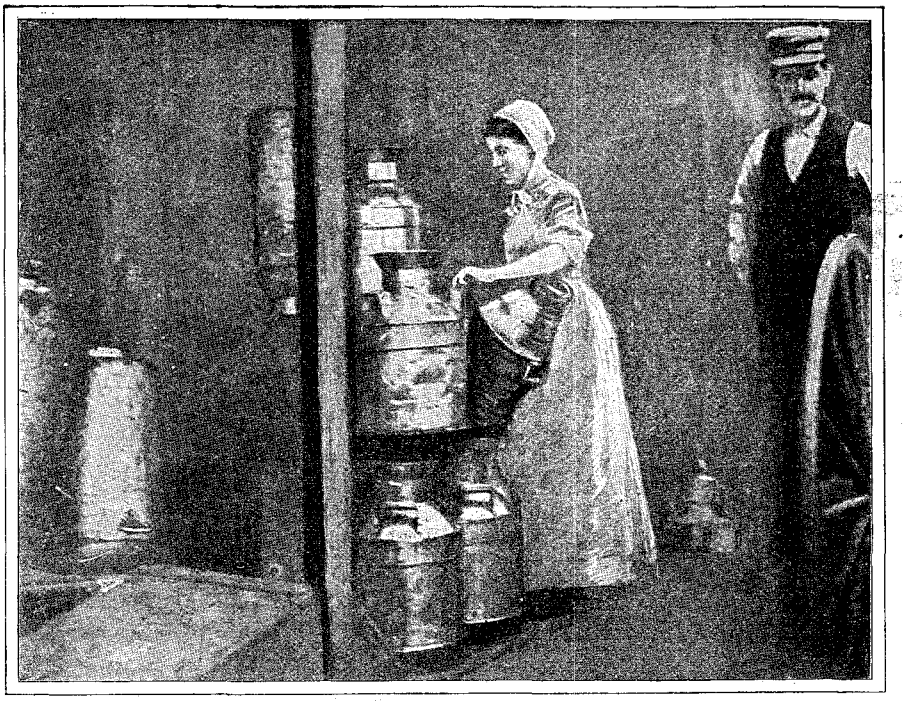

A "MADONNA OF THE MILK-CANS"

was to be held there that day—religious services of that particular branch of the Amish Mennonites are not held in regular houses of worship; they are always held around among the homes of the members, because in that way is the importance of religion as an every-day, a real, adjunct to life best impressed on the minds of the people; and then, too, there is no temptation to the slightest exhibition of pride or vanity about church architecture or church furniture in which the true spirit of religion might be lost sight of, when the entire system of church houses and furnishings is altogether done away with.

And what a sight the lane leading into the farm-house, and the area-way around its great barn, was! There were sixty-five yellow canvas-covered wagons, as nearly alike—to the casual observer—as one Waterbury watch is like another. The sight suggested a wagon-factory, and the collection displayed, the result of particularly enthusiastic efforts on the part of the builders in turning out vehicles modeled after the same pattern. When we became better acquainted with the various owners, we asked how they ever distinguished their own property, how they managed to get the right horse affixed to his own shafts.

"Oh, we just look at 'em; we can tell 'em!" was the answer. One man added that he recognized his wagon because the back of it was peppered full of shot-holes, a souvenir of a shooting-match his boys had one day at home. Another one said he had a little block nailed to the floor of his wagon for the comfort of his short-legged wife, and the block couldn't be moved without taking up the floor of the wagon. And so the fine distinctions were developed until the whole sixty-five wagons did appear different, after all.

The apparent absence of whips on the wagons was the occasion of some remark between us; but, prompted by one of the more jovial brethren, we looked in some of them and saw that a rough hickory switch was a part of their equipment. It must be remembered that the Amishman strictly observes the spirit of the injunction implied in the saying, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," and so one must travel far to find a handsomer or better cared for collection of equinity than was seen at Friend Aaron's that day; but that little hickory switch is useful when some Gentile owner of a roadster imagines he can drive around the big Amish bay and his half-ton or more of heavy harness,

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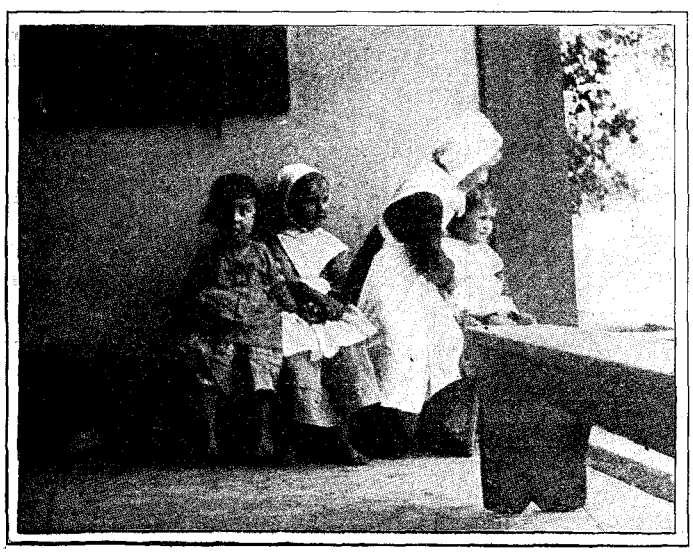
wagon, and passenger list. In a "test of speed," as the brush is euphemistically termed, they do say that the dust does not often fall on the yellow-covered Amish outfit, even if the driver has no whalebone with which to touch up his nag.

The passengers of the sixty-five wagons crowded the two large lower rooms of the farm-house, while the overflow filled the porch, where the droning voice of the minister preaching in German could be plainly heard. In one way it was good that we could not grasp enough of the discourse to keep us interested, otherwise the splendid pictures that abounded everywhere would not have had such an entrancing value. We sat on a plain wooden bench on the porch for a while; just opposite us, in a row, were a lot of youngsters ranging from two to six years, whose conduct throughout the meeting was just as demure as if they had been ten times those ages. Beside us were big, lusty Amishmen in their queer-looking clothes, sitting in thoughtful attitudes, following carefully every word spoken, although a few of the younger men, in whom the spirit was doubtless willing but the flesh weak, dozed and bobbed their heads, waking up with a start and trying to appear bright and unconcerned as they felt the gaze of an elder of the meeting resting upon them.

"I GUESS YOU BETTER STOP TAKING PICTURES NOW"

It is not so difficult to understand why the rest of the world knows so little about the wonderful quaintness and the unique interest of this bit of Pennsylvania, after one has been there. For conscientious reasons the hard-working farmers of the Amish persuasion give very scant encouragement to the man with pencil or camera, and so the intensely picturesque quality of an all-day Amish meeting, for instance, has been practically unrecorded until the pictures we made on the occasion here told about were surreptitiously "snapped." Now and then an Amishman strays into the larger cities, and people turn around on the streets for a second look at the picturesque figure he is. But think of a hundred Amishmen in one group!—all with broad-brimmed hats, long hair cut straight across the forehead—"banged," a Gentile would say it was—and just as evenly trimmed at the back of the neck. Frivolous folk say that a bowl is used as a guide for the scissors of the domestic Amish barber. Every man wears a tail coat, with no lapels or buttons, hooks and eyes being the only proper means for fastening that garment, while his trousers are cut in the fashion of generations ago.



TWO LITTLE BOYS AND TWO LITTLE GIRLS

And what a delight it is to get into an argument with them on the subject of dress

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or the propriety of using tobacco or strong drink! Those superfluous buttons which a worldly tailor generally sews on the sleeves of a coat or at the middle of the back of a cutaway—in reality survivals of the days when cloth cuffs were buttoned back and swords were worn—were seriously condemned as opportunities for "the devil to hang something on." The retention of these vanities was abhorred by them, and they insisted upon the less conspicuous hooks and eyes wherever fastenings were needed; and so his Satanic majesty, in searching for convenient places to display his temptations, would, of course, be put to confusion. The Amishman wears all the hair on his face that nature provides, except on the upper lip, and that is shaven for the sake of cleanliness in eating. Two verses from Leviticus settle the tonsorial question, in these words:

Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard. (xix., 27.)

They shall not make baldness upon their head, neither shall they shave off the corner of their beard. (xxi., 5.)

"DON'T YOU TAKE OUR PICTURES"

As to the use of strong drink, the well-known poser, "What do you suppose the Lord turned that water into wine for at the marriage in Cana of Galilee?" was the clincher with which they closed the discussion on total abstinence. "The one thing I am sorry for now is that I wasn't on hand to get some of that wine. My, but it must have been good!" said one, as he blew the smoke of a big cigar into rings above his head; and then he smacked his lips, perhaps in joyful anticipation of the glorious feast that is to be spread for all good and temperate Amish some day.

Of course the meeting would not have been complete without the big dinner served to all the congregation. While the men were talking religion or crops or stock under the trees after the services were over, the women were getting the dinner ready. There was table *room* sufficient to serve the guests only in relays of about fifty. When they entered the house, they threw their hats into a window-seat, until it was filled to the top of the lower sash. The hats were more nearly alike—if the expression may be allowed—than their wagons, but every one picked out his own head-gear unerringly when he went out. Following the example of an elder at each table, every one bowed his head in silent prayer before starting in on the "shunka-flesh," "gebrota hinkel," "lud-varresh," the "kucha" innumerable, and other choice products of Pennsylvanian-German culinary art with which the tables were most bountifully laden. It simplifies the dish question very much at these congregational meals to use the same coffee cups and saucers right through, without washing or rinsing them for each set of guests; custom has sanctioned the plan, and no one objects to the liberal deposit of coffee-grounds and partly dissolved sugar in the cup when he comes to the table in

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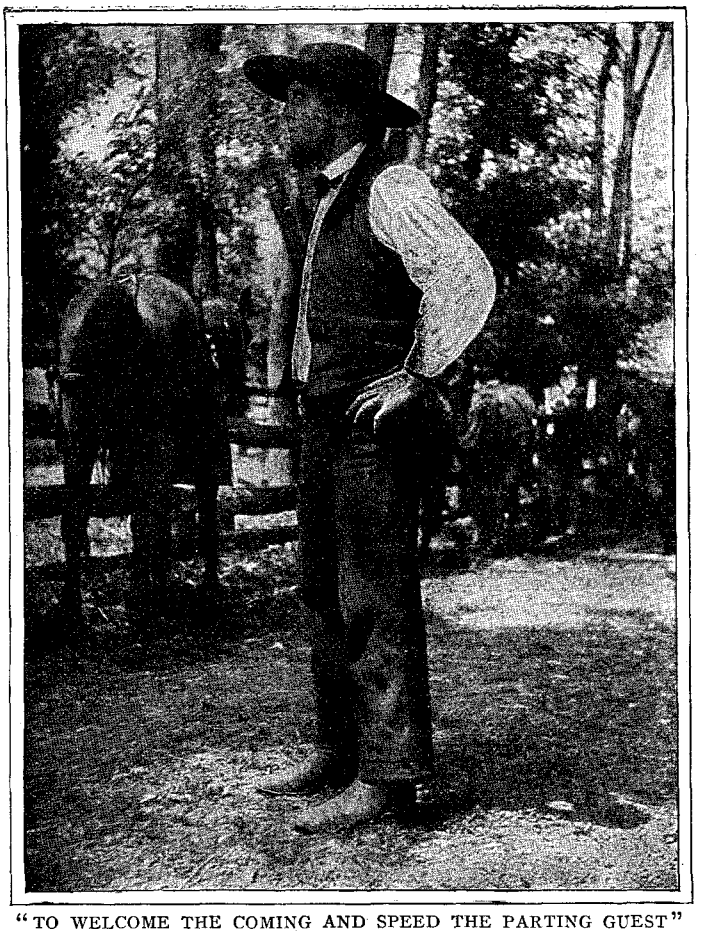

"TO WELCOME THE COMING AND SPEED THE PARTING GUEST"

relay number four, for instance. If a Gentile appetite should suffer on that account, however, it would receive, on the other hand, a much more pronounced stimulus from the sweet-faced Amish girl who waited on the table and tempted the diner with the choicest of the homely Lancastrian delicacies. It is customary at the end of each meal to "return thanks" in silence, and after that service all file out of the great room to make place for another relay of hungry ones. The women in the interim make some few minor changes in the tableware and replenish the sadly depleted stock of eatables.

But the Amish children! Where in America are children as picturesque! The little ones have the same proclivities for fun that children display the world over, but their excessive quaintness is best appreciated as one sees them playing tag, or teasing the watch-dog, or chasing butterflies, or doing the thousand and one other pretty things good-natured children can do. They are dressed exactly after the pattern of their grandfathers or grandmothers, and it does seem so far beneath the dignity of those little ones to be cavorting around the yard and raising just as much racket as the veriest street arabs! As soon as the little Amish girl can walk she appears in skirts which reach to her shoe-tops, and a white cap, a white shoulder kerchief, and a white apron add their unique finish. The dresses are of various colors of stuffs, although each girl's dress is the same throughout. Deep purple is much affected by the Amish women, while dark brown, drab, and black are popular; so it may be imagined that wealth of color is not the least attractive feature in the artistic ensemble of an Amish meeting. There is only one style of wearing the hair among the women, too, and there can be no improvement on it. The hair is

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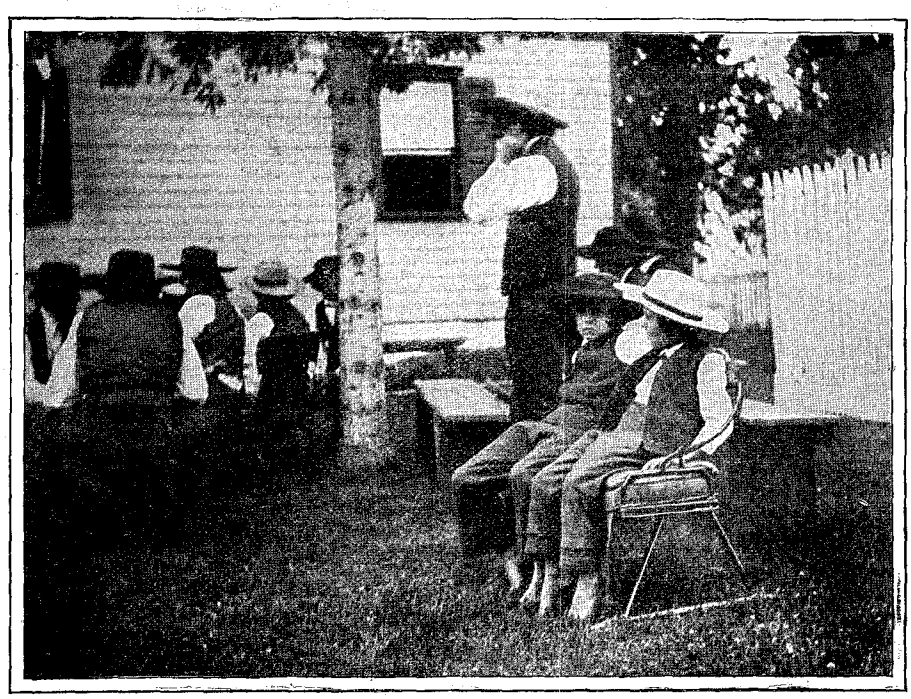
parted exactly in the middle, and combed smoothly down toward the temples, where two small plaits are started, carried around and gathered into a little knot just under the edge of the white mull cap above the nape of the neck.

As soon as the Amish boy is entitled to his first trousers, he is put at once into long breeches of the old-fashioned "broad fall-front" variety, with drawing-strings around the waist to keep them attached to his person, just as his father's and his grandfather's are built. He starts in early also to get his hair in the style he is to wear it through life. It is rather difficult, ordinarily, for the uninformed to say whether the infant which a fond mother dotes over is a boy or a girl, but there can be no mistaking the sex of the juvenile Amish when the outward signs are noted. The boy has his hair cut square across at the back of the neck, while his little girl cousin invariably wears that becoming white cap. A picture of four children—two demure little girls in charge of two smaller boys—which was captured during the progress of the meeting, illustrates these peculiarities in dress.

It may be rather a far-fetched idea to say that the greatness and richness of Pennsylvania-Germany is exemplified in the dressing of these youthful representatives of a "peculiar people." There is little Rebecca, for instance, in a royal purple dress that has two tucks in the sleeve, one at the hips and two more just above the hem. Diminutive Enoch has a tuck in the bottoms of his trousers—the top of them is fastened away up near his armpits; his shirt-sleeves are similarly shortened. As the youngsters grow, the clothes are lengthened to accommodate their increasing stature, and when they have outgrown the garments the tucks are restored and the clothes go to younger children. Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, is said to be the richest agricultural county in the United States, her agricultural productions being of tremendous value and importance. The reason why the comparatively few acres there mean so much in the commonwealth is found in the frugality and thrift of the people. The Mennonites and Amish Mennonites in Lancaster County work hard, they make the most out of what they have at hand, and they are doing more than they commonly get credit for in the perpetuation of the homely virtues of industry, economy, and simplicity.



"THE MEN WERE TALKING RELIGION OR CROPS OR STOCKS"

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For the Little People

Two Chums: An Easter Story

By Mary Allaire

He is just a chubby boy, as happy as the day is long. He lives in a back basement, in a house in a street where the sun does not shine because of the tall buildings on either side. His father sold wood and coal in the front basement to poor people in the neighborhood, because he could not run a sewing-machine any longer, and so had started in business for himself. Rudolph found life much more interesting than when he lived upstairs in the big tenement and had to listen to the whir of the sewing-machine all day. Now there were the lovely piles of wood that could be carried from corner to corner in the dark basement; coal, shoveled into his cart with only one wheel, could be dumped from the back just as the coal was dumped from the big carts in front of his father's store. Now he could stand at the front steps and look out at the street; he could carry the coal to a corner of the area and play coal-yard. One morning, when his mother was keeping the store and he stood on the steps, an old, old lady who lived in the tall tenement across the street came to order a pail of coal.

She was not a happy-looking old lady, and she did not love little children. As she slowly climbed down the steps Rudolph looked with a sweet smile into her face. No smile was returned, but the friendly boy was not discouraged. He leaned forward and touched the old lady's hand, pleasantly saying, "Mornin'!" Nobody could resist that, and the old lady stopped and put her hand on his head. "Good-morning," she responded. Holding tight to the old lady's hand, the small boy went down the steps with her.

When the order was given, the old lady turned to go, but the baby still held her hand. Slowly, slowly they climbed the stairs to the street. When the top step was reached, the small boy had no intention of stopping. A look of amazement came into the old lady's face. "Why, little boy!" It was so long since anybody had wanted to be with her that she was puzzled.

"What do you want, little boy?"

"Home, lady."

"Home with me?" He nodded.

"Mrs. Selinsky," called the old lady, "I'm going to take your little boy home with me."

"Kind, veree kind," and Mrs. Selinsky

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smiled gratefully; it was so rarely that any one had time to give to children in that neighborhood, where sewing-machines ran all day and far into the night. This visit to the old lady was as great a treat to little Rudolph as a trip to the Park, or even on a railroad train, to some children.

"You need not send that coal right away; I can wait for an hour. Whoever brings the coal can bring your baby back."

The old lady looked up and down the street, and then hurried across with the smiling Rudolph. Up, up, up to the top of the high tenement climbed the two, exchanging most cordial smiles. When Rudolph reached the door of the old lady's home, he was delighted. There was the great blue sky to be seen through the windows, and rows of flower-pots on each window-sill—one with a lovely red flower. To a little boy who had never seen flowers on the plant, this was a most wonderful sight. "You like it, little boy?" asked the old lady.

"Pretty, pretty," he murmured.

"He is the loveliest boy I ever saw," said the old lady under her breath. She went into the dark bedroom and opened a tiny trunk, on the cover of which were rows and rows of brass nails. Down in the bottom of the trunk, under everything, the old lady found a red flannel ball.

"I haven't seen that ball for a long time," said the old lady to herself.

"Little boy, how would you like this?"

Rudolph's eyes grew larger and rounder. "Me?" he asked, sweetly.

"Yes, little boy, there isn't any other," and she gave the ball to Rudolph. With the sweetest smile he kissed her hand. Then what do you think happened? The old lady kissed him. After that these two were great friends. If the old lady went for a walk, she always crossed the street for the little boy. Once she went without butter for two days to save the money to take Rudolph in the open cars. What a day that was for both of them!

"He like much to go wif you," Mrs. Selinsky would say, when the old lady would call, "Any little boys to lend?"

All winter the little boy climbed each afternoon to the old lady, and they did wonderful things together. They made carts of pasteboard boxes and spools; they picked the dead leaves from the plants and looked for buds; they watched the wonderful sky, with such colors as Rudolph never saw before. The old lady talked about the country, a place Rudolph knew nothing about.

"What 'heep?" he would ask when the old lady talked about the sheep on her father's farm.

She gave up eating meat for two weeks to buy some red yarn, and made Rudolph a little red cap and mittens.

One Sunday the old lady sat quietly at her window looking at the sky above the roofs of the houses. It was Easter morning. The church-bells were ringing, and the old lady could not go out. "The child will not get up here before afternoon, and I wanted to get him a flower. Think of Easter without a flower!" and the old lady wiped her eyes with her apron. There was a tap at the door and a fumbling at the knob, and Rudolph stood with a tiny bunch of pinks in his hand.

"I fin' 'em," he said, his face all aglow. The old lady bent and kissed him, and took him on her lap. He looked up and saw the tears in her eyes; his lips quivered and he put his head down on her breast.

"Why, child, it's because I'm glad. Where did you find them?"

"On 'treet; 'em falled down."

A little while before a young girl was hurrying along the street, and a few pinks fell from her coat. They lay in the dirt on the street, and a man stepped on one. Rudolph had grown tired of the dark cellar, and climbed up to the railing, and there in front were the flowers on the sidewalk. He clutched them and hurried over the way to his friend.

"I do hope some one who loves flowers found them," said the young girl when she missed them.

At that moment the old lady was putting them in a bottle filled with water, and Rudolph was dancing about, asking, "Are you g'ad?"

Interruption

Don't interrupt your father when he's telling funny jokes;
Don't interrupt your mother when she's entertaining folks;
Don't interrupt a visitor when he has come to call;
In fact, it's wiser not to interrupt at all.

—*St. Nicholas.*

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Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending March 17. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

The coincident appearance of two such works as Dr. Barrows's "Christian Conquest of Asia," recently noticed in this column, and that now before us, *The Redemption of Africa*, by Frederic Perry Noble, Secretary of the Chicago Congress on Africa, Columbian Exposition, 1893, attests that the missionary spirit was never higher than now in its expansive ambition. Much has been written about missions in Africa, but in a fragmentary way. Mr. Noble has written "a story of civilization," in a comprehensive view of the efforts made from the earliest to the latest times for African regeneration. He relates Mohammedan as well as Christian efforts. But, in strong dissent from those who regard Mohammedanism as on the whole beneficently influential upon its converts from heathenism, he sides with those who regard Islam as at the bottom of the misery of Africa. "The partition of Africa" is a familiar phrase, but comparatively few who use it are aware that it has been realized by the Churches as well as by the Governments, and that "spheres of influence" have been delimited for religious as well as for political ends; of this, as also of the ancient and mediæval foretokening of it, Mr. Noble writes in an unsectarian spirit, although obliged to declare Roman Catholic statistics both hard to get and unreliable. But he writes of that mediæval prince of missionaries, the Catholic Raymond Lull, in the thirteenth century, with no less admiration than of his peer in the nineteenth century, the Presbyterian Alexander Mackay. Mr. Noble enters fully into the modern methods, problems, and prospects of African redemption. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Books of Samuel, by Professor Henry Preserved Smith, now of Amherst College, is the latest installment of the International Critical Commentary, and in merit ranks with the best that have appeared. A difference of type distinguishes for the ordinary Bible-reader the exegetical portions with which he is chiefly concerned. The two books of Samuel, which in Hebrew manuscripts are one, are evidently, like the Hexateuch, composite. With the exception of the appendix (2, xxi.—xxiv.), which is composed of pieces of varied origin, the rest of the work seems to have been made up principally from a pre-existing biography of Samuel, and a still older life of Saul. These can be distinguished easily in 1, i.—xv., while more difficult to separate in 1, xvi.—2, i. In 2, ix.—xx., a "block of homogeneous matter" is recognized as assignable to the Saul document, while the preceding matter is distributed between this and the other, for which a comparatively late date, in or after the Exile, is thought probable. The two documents differ much in their theological ideas. Those of the older Saul document are quite primitive. The superstitions and moral crudity or enormity, which uncritical teachers in far too many cases still treat as mysteriously belonging to divine revelation, are treated in this commentary as evincing the rawness of the early pupils of the Spirit. No books of the Old Testament needed this enlightened treatment more than the books of Samuel, and the task could have fallen to none more competent for it than Professor Smith. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

As a companion book to his volumes, "The Kingdom of God" and "St. Paul's Conception of Christianity," Dr. A. B. Bruce, of Glasgow, has put forth another, *The Epistle to the Hebrews, the First Apology for Christianity*. More or less of it appeared in the "Expositor" ten years ago, but appears now with revisions and additions. As Dr. Bruce observes, this Epistle is unique as being the earliest refutation of objections to Christianity. But it appeared at a time that continually recurs—a time of transition. At such a time now it may be as useful as then, through its exhibition of

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what is important to keep in view at every such time, the leading, distinctive idea of Christianity, and its essential nature as the religion of the Spirit, the religion of free access to God. This may be obscured for some by the fact that the arguments of the Epistle were more suited to the exigencies of that time (about A.D. 70) than to those of the present. It is therefore the expositor's task to bring out the permanent principles involved in the transitory arguments. Perhaps this Epistle specially needs such treatment, none other having so much to do with the Jewish ritual. In Dr. Bruce's hands the work is felicitously done, and the Epistle is redeemed from the perversion it has suffered from the "impoverished theology" of a Judaic Christianity. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

LITERATURE AND HISTORY

In his characteristic preface to the second edition of *Earthwork Out of Tuscany*, Mr. Maurice Hewlett says that while the book has seemed to find many friends, very few people have apparently understood what he was trying to do, and he modestly takes the responsibility on himself. The book is not for every reader. Both its subject and its manner will fail to attract, if they do not positively offend, those who want the fact and nothing but the fact; for what Mr. Hewlett has tried to do is to seize, and convey to his readers, an impression of the Italy of the Renaissance period, and, by means of glances, insights, bits of description, little tales, and the use of the imagination, to get behind the Italy of art to the spirit of that strange, confused, and intensely interesting period. Few things are more elusive than the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. It has fascinated men of the greatest subtlety and refinement of mind. Mr. Pater could never get away from it; Symonds has dealt with it in many forms; Vernon Lee coquetted with it; Mr. Ruskin dealt with it in a broad way years ago; almost every writer on art, and a great many literary people as well, have tried to get at the secret of the Renaissance; to put themselves in the attitude of the men and women of the fourteenth century in Rome, Florence, Venice, Siena, and other Italian cities. In this charming volume—for charming is the adjective which accurately describes it—Mr. Hewlett, in an indirect fashion, but with very great skill, has sought and found many of the elusive qualities of that elusive age. The thirteen chapters are full of delicate observation; of that kind of sensitiveness of the imagination which gets at the heart of a past period and seizes the aspect of a buried life. They have variety and humor, and although the style sometimes runs into the staccato, it is not unworthy of the pen which wrote "The Forest Lovers" and "Pan and the Young Shepherd." The book is very happily illustrated by James Kerr-Lawson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Among the series of books relating to literature which are now coming from the press, none has, probably, a greater value than that edited by Professor Saintsbury under the general title of Periods of European Literature. The first volume to appear, "The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory," by Professor Saintsbury, was an extremely interesting piece of historical and critical work, not without defects both of judgment and of expression, but full of vital feeling for the subject. The second volume, "The Later Renaissance," by David Hannay, has now been followed by a third, *The Fourteenth Century*, by F. J. Snell, which treats of "The End of Court Poetry," "Folk-Song," "The Development of the Modern Lyric," of "Dante," "The Dawn of the Renaissance," "Chaucer," and of a group of travelers and observers including Froissart, Marco Polo, and Sir John Maundeville under the title of "Time and Space," and of another group of Spanish, Italian, German, and English writers under the general title of "Allegory, Mysticism, and Reform." The breadth of the field traversed by Mr. Snell will be evident from this brief résumé. The difficulties of his undertaking have been great, and he has apparently not been blind to them; going so far in this direction as to indicate some of his own points of weakness for the undertaking. His subject needed, especially, breadth of view—the ability to see things in the large as well as to know them in detail. He has, therefore, given the reader in this volume, not only an account of different writers and specific works, but a view of the intellectual conditions which found expression both in the writers and the

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works. The chief and most valuable feature of this series promises to be the emphasis laid on vital movements of thought and feeling rather than on mere chronological order. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Last week we spoke of one book about the late Empress of Austria; this week appears a second—*Elizabeth, Empress of Austria*. This memoir, which has some eighty illustrations, is the work of an English journalist, Mr. A. de Burgh. It contains fewer personal anecdotes and less court scandal than the book already noticed, but it has every evidence of being remarkably well based on actual knowledge, and is written in a readable style. A particularly good account is given of the war waged by the Empress when young against the ancient formalities and stiff rules of etiquette prevailing at Vienna. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

NOVELS AND TALES

Jules Claretie, the French dramatic critic and essayist, is also a clever and pleasant, if not powerful, writer of fiction. His *Vicomte de Puyjoli* is a tale of the great Revolution, with stirring personal episodes of that fascinating tragedy, some of which are historical. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York.)

"Captain Charles King," the well-known writer of novels of army life, is now General Charles King, who is doing splendid service as a brigadier-general in the Philippines. This fact certainly adds an interest to his *A Trooper Galahad*—and, to say sooth, the added interest is needed, for the story has so close a family resemblance to others of the author that one feels that he would do well to acquire some more strikingly novel material. We shall look for a fine war novel from General King's pen when he returns loaded with glory and rich in Philippine local color and new war incidents. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

God's Rebel, by Hulbert Fuller, author of "Vivian of Virginia," is avowedly a novel, but instead of relating the experiences of individuals in whom the reader takes a human interest, it narrates the conflict of the interests which enter into the government of a university established by ill-gotten money. Dr. Fuller firmly believes that money as well as water can rise no higher than its source, and that where the money for a university is obtained by anti-social methods the institution must perforce remain the apologist for such methods. So strongly does he feel this that he forgets his characters in narrating the injustices which he believes to have been perpetrated in one of the universities. Indeed, he makes his hero a Professor in "Rockland University," a great Baptist institution whose seat is in Chicago. Unfortunately for his book as a novel, his hero is not only in the main a rather colorless entity, but toward the conclusion becomes positively discolored by consenting in his extremity to write editorials for a monopolist paper. "God's Rebel," to be a hero, ought at least to have the ordinary rebel virtue of being willing to die fighting. (Regan Printing House, Chicago.)

MISCELLANEOUS

The bound volumes for 1898 of the four popular periodicals published by the Harpers contain a mass of reading matter really astonishingly great when thus seen in bulk. The quality, too, is almost equally notable. A list of the authors whose names appear in these periodicals would include not a small proportion of writers of the highest contemporary fame here and in England. *Harper's Magazine* is not, perhaps, always quite as happy in its fiction as in some previous years, but Margaret Deland's "Old Chester Tales" would more than cover a great many deficiencies in this point, and Merriman's "Roden Corners" has been well received. The articles by Mr. Ralph on Russia, by Mr. Bonsal on Siberia, by Mr. Jackson on the Arctic regions, by Mr. Hedin on Asia, by Mr. Weeks on Varallo, and by Mr. Davis on the Queen's Jubilee, are examples of the well-written and beautifully illustrated descriptive articles for which this magazine is famed. There are fewer "war articles" than in some of the other magazines for the year, though Mr. James Bryce, the Hon. J. G. Carlisle, Mr. W. C. Ford, Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, and others have contributed notable articles on National policy. *Harper's Weekly*, on the contrary, gives (rightly) a week-to-week picturesque panorama of the war, with strikingly good letters from impor-

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tant points in both hemispheres. The evidence of assiduity, liberal expenditure, and editorial intelligence calls for cordial acknowledgment by the public. "Harper's Weekly" has more than equaled its pictorial and news achievements of the Civil War. *Harper's Bazar* is rich in home suggestions, especially on the social side. The fashion suggestions recognize so constantly the underlying principles in all tasteful dressing as to give to this department a permanent value not associated with fashions. The department of women's clubs makes this volume a valuable addition to the library of women's clubs. *Harper's Round Table* is a veritable storehouse of suggestion, adventure, story, and travel for boys and girls. This volume has a certain historical value, as it contains articles on the heroes of the Spanish-American war. The illustrations at times suggest the penny-dreadful, but, on the whole, are legitimately exciting and dramatic only. The special departments of stamps and coins, of puzzles and answers, are an endless source of interest.

There seems to be just now a special activity among writers of music, and books on music are coming from the press in rapid succession. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) send us *The Orchestra and Orchestral Music*, by W. J. Henderson, and *Mezzotints in Modern Music*, by James Huneker. The first named is the opening volume of a projected "Music Lover's Library" which the Messrs. Scribner propose to issue in five volumes. It is marked by the same clearly expounded knowledge of the subject and the same well-balanced and sympathetic critical spirit which characterize Mr. Henderson's two other volumes, "What is Good Music" and "How Music Developed," already favorably noticed in these columns. Mr. Huneker's somewhat affected title gives the reader a suspicion of his book which is confirmed by a careful examination. The author is a musician as well as a critic, and knows what he is writing about in these readable essays in musical biography and interpretation, but we wish he had used his adjectives and his emotions with a little more restraint.

Lakeside Cottage, by the author of "Coward or Hero?" (James H. Earle, Boston), is a Prohibition story. The social and moral degeneracy of the social glass, the dangers of a hereditary love of liquor, the brutalizing effects of intoxication on some natures, are all depicted without reserve by the author.

Books Received

For the week ending March 24

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Buckley, Arabella B. The Fairy-Land of Science. $1.50.
Force, General Manning F. General Sherman. $1.50. (The Great Commanders Series.)
Blow, Susan E. Letters to a Mother. (International Educational Series.)
Jacobs, Joseph. The Story of Geographical Discovery. 40 cts.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

Campbell, R. J. The Restored Innocence. 50 cts.
Dunbar, Paul Laurence. Lyrics of the Hearthside. $1.25.
Sigerson, Dora (Mrs. Clement Shorter). My Lady's Slipper and Other Verses. $1.25.
Barr, Amelia E. I, Thou, and the Other One. $1.25.
Hind, Lewis. The Enchanted Stone. $1.25.
Dodd, Ira Seymour. The Song of the Rappahannock. $1.
Horton, Robert F., D.D. The Commandments of Jesus. $1.50.
Dale, A. W. W. The Life of R. W. Dale, of Birmingham. $4.
Waliszewski, K. Marysiénka. Translated by Lady Mary Lord. $2.
Keightley, S. R. The Silver Cross. $1.25.
Joubert: A Selection from His Thoughts. Translated by Katharine Lyttelton, with a Preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.25.

DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK

Parsons, S., Jr. How to Plan the Home Grounds. $1.
Goode, W. A. M. With Sampson Through the War. $2.50.
Crockett, S. R. The Black Douglas. $1.50.
De Bergerac, Cyrano. A Voyage to the Moon. 50 cts.
Mason, Caroline Atwater. The Minister of Carthage. 50 cts.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Carryl, Charles E. The River Syndicate and Other Stories. $1.25.
Benson, E. F. The Capsina. $1.50.
Thackeray, William Makepeace. Denis Duval, The Wolves and the Lamb, Lovel the Widower, and Roundabout Papers. (Vol. XLI., Biographical Edition.) 75 cts.
The Modern Theory of Solution. Memoirs by Pfeffer and others. Translated and Edited by Harry C. Jones. (Harper's Scientific Memoirs.)
Röntgen Rays. Memoirs by Röntgen, Stoles, and J. J. Thomson. Translated and Edited by George F. Barker.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

Hale, Edward Everett. In His Name, and Christmas Stories. (Vol. II., Library Edition.) $1.50.
Parkman, Francis. The Oregon Trail: A Half-Century of Conflict. In Two Volumes. Montcalm and Wolfe. In Two Volumes. The Conspiracy of Pontiac. In Two Volumes. (Library Edition.)

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Dix, Beulah Marie. Hugh Gwyeth. $1.50.
Johnston, Sir Harry H. The Colonization of Africa. $1.50.
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. Letters from Japan. In Two Volumes. $7.50.
Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris. Edited by Karl Breul. 90 cts.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Newman, Ernest. A Study of Wagner. $3.75.
McCarthy, Justin. The Story of the People of England in the Nineteenth Century. Part I. 1800-1835. $1.50.
Townshend, R. B. Lone Pine. $1.50.
Dresser, Horatio W. Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing. $1.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Wiener, Leo. Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century. $2.
Wharton, Edith. The Greater Inclination. $1.50.
Belloc, Hilaire. Danton. $2.50.
Brown, William Harvey. On the South African Frontier. $3.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK

Sands, Benjamin F. From Reefer to Rear-Admiral. $2.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Hodges, George. The Battles of Peace. $1.

JOHN WILEY & SONS, NEW YORK

Maynard, Samuel T. Landscape Gardening. $1.50.

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The Religious World

The Controversy in the Anglican Church

The New York "Tribune" is performing a valuable service in securing a series of contributions from distinguished members of the Anglican Communion on the unhappy controversy which is now agitating that body. The first of these communications is from the Very Rev. Dr. William Lefroy, Dean of Norwich. Dr. Lefroy is well known as a representative Low Churchman, and one of the best preachers in his denomination. Americans who have visited Zermatt in Switzerland and spent any time in the Riffel Alp Hotel will remember the Dean as a tireless mountaineer and also as a brilliant preacher. It was due to his efforts that the English Chapel near that hotel was erected, and he preaches there with considerable regularity during the summer. He is a voluminous author and a tireless worker. In his article the first point which he makes is that ritualism is lawless; it ignores the fact that the Anglican Church is Protestant. The ritualists for years have been using wrong methods in teaching and in the organization of societies. A religious cult has been established in the Church alien to its teachin s and foreign to the convictions of the English people. Low Churchmen protest against the mass and auricular confession. He condemns the timid policy of the leaders of the Church, and insists that they have abdicated their privilege of leadership. We quote as follows: "The laity should sit with the Bishops and the other representative clergy, as they did with 'the apostles and elders' in the first council of Jerusalem. They should share the responsibilities of discipline as administered by the whole Church. . . . They have no directing, controlling, liturgical power in the Church of England. The words of Professor Hort bear a solemn message to the Anglican Church, maimed as it is of its numerical strength. He says: 'The Ecclesia itself, *i. e.*, the sum of all its adult members, is the primary body, and, it would seem, even the primary authority. We cannot speak of an organization of a community from which the greater part of its members are excluded.'" Dr. Lefroy writes as a Churchman. The "Independent" recently contained an article by Dr. Guinness Rogers on the same subject, in which he justified the interference of Nonconformists on the ground that this is not only an ecclesiastical but also a national question. If there were no Establishment, it would belong to the English Church alone; but since the Church is a part of the machinery of government, all citizens are more or less responsible for its teachings and practices. The next article in the series will be by Canon Scott Holland, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a representative High Churchman.

Are There Too Many Ministers?

The Rev. S. D. McConnell, D.D., rector of Holy Trinity Church in Brooklyn, answers this question in the affirmative in a recent article in the "Churchman." In order that he might learn the conditions in the Episcopal Church, he wrote to every bishop in the United States, inquiring if he had a vacant parish for a man thirty-five years of age, with a small family, and where the remuneration would be not less than a thousand dollars a year, with a rectory. From fifty-nine out of seventy bishops he received replies, and learned of but two vacancies. One was in the Northwest, and the other in the diocese of Albany. The former of these positions was sought by more than thirty applicants. Dr. McConnell gives three reasons for overcrowding in the ministry. The first is the falling away of the nominal adherents of the churches; the second, the prevalence of the priestly idea of the ministry as distinguished from the prophetic. Dr. McConnell thinks that there is no great demand for a priest in the Episcopal Church. The people care more for a minister who can preach than for one who assumes the rôle of a mediator. The third cause of overcrowding he finds in an erroneous impression concerning the meaning of a free church. He says that the Gospel is free, but the institutions for its promotion require maintenance. He thinks the demand for a free church has weakened the manly fiber of the laity in

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many dioceses. This is a new way of treating this subject, and is worthy of consideration. Some one must maintain the institutions by which a free Gospel is made known. Dr. McConnell is radical on another point. He thinks that the growth of the Roman Church is largely due to its celibate clergy. He says that in perhaps the majority of fields the income which can be relied upon for the care of the ministry is too small for the support of a family, but would be quite sufficient for the maintenance of one or two individuals. "The success of the Roman Church has been due to its command over an army of loose-footed janissaries who can never fix themselves by bonds of common life and affection at any point in human society." When it comes to the question of advocating such a system, Dr. McConnell thinks it may be better to bear the ills we have than fly to those which are more uncertain. There is, we believe, another reason for the "overcrowded" ministry. It is to be found in the careless way in which men are ordained to the sacred calling. Too many who have nothing to justify them in becoming ministers except earnestness in Christian work are presumed to be worthy of being set apart as religious teachers. A still more difficult factor in the problem is found in the passion of certain churches for men with glib tongues and a generous command of cant phrases. If all ecclesiastical bodies would steadfastly refuse to ordain to the ministry those who have not had suitable training for their work, a large number of unworthy workers and untrained teachers would be eliminated from a field which many have entered from mercenary motives.

Presbyterian Churches Call Pastors

Two Presbyterian churches in New York which have been long without pastors have at length taken action looking toward the filling of their pulpits. The Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, which to this day is known as "Dr. Crosby's Church," has invited the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., of Philadelphia, to become its pastor. Dr. Chapman has had wide experience both as pastor and evangelist. He has served the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Albany and the Bethany Church in Philadelphia. His style is distinctly evangelistic, and he ought to be able to do a large work in a field where the population is not diminishing, although it is very greatly changing. The Fifth Avenue Church, as had been anticipated, has at length decided to call the Rev. Alexander Connell, now pastor of the Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, England. Mr. Connell is just reaching home from a tour around the world, taken for the purpose of inspecting the missions in China. He is a comparatively young man, being still under thirty-five years of age. He is a Scotch Highlander and a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, where he had a distinguished career. He began his ministry as an assistant of the Rev. Walter Morrison, D.D., of the Westbourne Grove Presbyterian Church in London. Three years later he was called to the pastorate of the Regent Square Church, which in other years was one of the most prominent and wealthy of the Nonconformist churches in that city. It is still called the Cathedral Church of English Presbyterianism. It is said that a committee from New York will present the call in person to Mr. Connell in London. Thus far he has been known rather as a genial man of varied ability and attractive character and manner than as a great preacher. If his success in the past may be taken as a prophecy of the future, the Fifth Avenue Church under his ministry will have another long period of prosperity and usefulness.

Lectures at Union Seminary

The Rev. Thomas C. Hall, D.D., one of the new Professors in Union Theological Seminary, is to deliver a course of lectures on the Ely Foundation, in the Adams Chapel, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons in April, on the general subject "The Social Significance of the Religious Revival in England in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." The sub-titles are as follows: "The Beginnings of Methodism;" "The Methodist Movement;" "England's Condition and the Evangelical Party;" "The Evangelical Party and Social Reform;" "The Broad Church School and Liberalism;" "The High Church Reaction;" "Summary and Conclusion." Our readers will remember that Dr. Hall is a son of the late Dr. John Hall, and that he has held distinguished

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pastorates in Omaha and Chicago. He has long been interested in social studies, and has had the best of opportunity for gathering information on the subjects concerning which he is to speak.

Death of Dr. Ormiston

Last week we made mention of the sudden death of the Rev. Drs. M. E. Strieby and H. M. Booth. This week we add to the list the name of the Rev. William Ormiston, D.D., who for several years was pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York. He died near Los Angeles, in California. Dr. Ormiston was one of the most striking figures in the pulpit in New York. His commanding figure, large head covered with bushy hair, and the rush of his speech produced an impression not easily forgotten. He had served as a Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic, and been pastor of a Presbyterian church in Hamilton, Ontario, before he was called to New York. On the failure of his health, he resigned his pulpit and removed to the Pacific coast, being succeeded in the pastorate of the Marble Church by the present pastor, the Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D.

The Second Service

The "Interior," after reproducing some paragraphs from an English contemporary on the second service, makes an editorial comment which is both significant and sensible. Concerning the question of absenteeism in England, there is room for difference of opinion. The present writer has personally made quite thorough investigations in many large cities, like London, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton, and has always found the second service better attended than the first. But all communities are not alike. In large cities there are people enough to make two congregations, and some prefer the morning and others the evening service. On the other hand, in suburban districts and the smaller towns the second service must draw chiefly from those who have already attended church. Such localities the editor of the "Interior" evidently had in mind in writing what follows:

> It will be seen that these services are everywhere else what they are here, in all but exceptional instances, practical failures. As is remarked by one of the ministers, the people will not come out to hear a second "orthodox," that is to say, set, sermon on the same day. The result is an enormous waste of labor in preparing sermons for barrens of empty pews. The prevalence of this absenteeism from the evening service all over the world seems to imply that a general principle in human nature is involved. If so, the remedy will not be found in superficial cures. There are two complementary ways for isolating this principle, if there be one—first, by inquiry among the known laws; and, second, by inquiry of the people. The simplest and most direct is to ask the absentees why they stay away in the evening. The answer, so far as we have asked it, is in the simple word "tired"—not tired of the church, of public worship, nor of the minister—just tired; want to stay at home and rest. Now, what is the law of the Sabbath? It is rest—rest for everybody, and for the beasts of burden. We do not intend to go into this question here, but it appears to us that here we have encountered a divine law which operates throughout all nature. The question, then, is, How shall we best utilize the day of rest for spiritual profit? Is the set evening sermon the best way?

The Revised Version in the Anglican Church

The question of the use of the Revised Version of the Bible has recently been before the Convocation of Canterbury, and the discussion brought out many interesting statements. The Bishop of Rochester said that the attitude of the Church toward this version really involved the question as to whether the Church had any vital interest in the Holy Scriptures. He also truly said that the Revised Version is "the most faithful available rendering into the English of the Old and New Testaments." The Bishops, as we understand, do not propose to substitute the use of the Revised for the Old Version, but rather to permit its use where desired. The Bishop of Southwell said that careful study had convinced him that "the whole version is far superior to the old one," and that "Romans, Ephesians, and Hebrews, the three hardest Epistles, are entirely transformed." Another assertion was a surprise, although we believe it is literally true; viz., that the Revised is more rhythmical than the Authorized Version. The reverse has been often asserted, but the Bishops are correct. From every point of view the Revision is the superior, and, what is more, it is winning recognition quite as swiftly as the Version of King James did when it first appeared. Evidence of this is constantly appearing.

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Correspondence

Prices and Wages

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In his communication on "Prices and Wages," in your issue of March 18, Mr. Albert Griffin, like many other sincere observers, fails to note a very fundamental natural principle. He says that "whenever there has been money enough to do the business, the demand for labor has succeeded the supply."

Let us get down to facts. It has always been noted that whenever an inflation of the currency occurs, wages and salaries are the last and slowest of all things to rise in price. Suppose that by January 1, 1901, the present volume of currency should have been increased to double what it is now. While values by the world-standard would not have changed much, *nominal* values, as measured by *our* standard, would have doubled, or approximated thereto. The commodities of the millionaire would *apparently* be worth two millions, while the man who had nothing would have just twice nothing. The existing inequality would thereby be terribly intensified. The readjustment of wages would not only be slow, but the wage-earner would have to pay double for everything he bought.

A steady, sound currency is always to the advantage of honest industry. It is the speculator and the financially shrewd who fatten on inflations, however it may superficially seem otherwise. The average rate of interest is the real barometer of the demand and supply of money. What is called "a scarcity of money" is in reality only a scarcity of confidence. The former is only the external sign of the latter reality and cause. Confidence is at the foundation. The demand for an inflated or unsound currency always comes from unhealthy speculation, and not from legitimate business. The reaction is sure to follow, and the result of financial inebriety is always disastrous to the laboring man. So long as human nature remains what it is, there will always be alternations of "hard times" and "good times," whatever be the volume of currency. If so-called money became abnormally cheap, a man going to market would, metaphorically, have to take a basketful along to purchase his supplies.

Boston, Mass. HENRY WOOD.

Falling Prices and the Unemployed

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I beg to submit some comments suggested by a syllogism the truth of which all will admit.

Major Premise: There is an unlimited demand for wealth.

Minor Premise: Wealth is produced only by labor.

Conclusion: In normal conditions, there is an unlimited demand for labor.

Yet so abnormal are the conditions under which we exist that a very large proportion of mankind are in a condition of involuntary idleness. The unused labor of each day is an absolute, *eternal* loss, the amount of which is sufficient to replace all poverty with plenty. But involuntary idleness is not the only evil; its creature is crime, and misery its handmaiden. Can we not trace effect to cause? or must we continue to suffer and believe that there is an overproduction of wealth—overproduction and unlimited demand?—a delusion which lowers intelligence, stultifies truth, and degrades mankind.

An employer of labor recently, in my presence, spoke as follows: "Our situation is best when every man we employ realizes that there is a man outside the door ready to take his place if he fails to meet requirements. In this condition we can control our men." Asked if the man on the steps is on his pay-roll, he answered, "No, we do not have to pay him."

Let us look at this situation. The man on the steps must live, his family must live, and the peace and good order of society are constantly menaced by his idleness. He is, involuntarily, at once a slave and a slave-driver to the man in the mill whose place he seeks. They are neither of them free men. They are robbed of their birthright, and they are as much slaves as a captive in chains. If these slaves in the United States of America could be placed in one corner of

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the land and marked by a distinctive race or color, public conscience would awaken. There would arise a Beecher and a Greeley; the Nation would again be thrilled by a Wendell Phillips, a Garrison, and a Lovejoy. There would again be underground railroads, free taverns, and means of transportation for those who sought relief; but now the toiling masses in the United States are subjected to conditions more deplorable, and if, because of lack of employment, a laborer seeks to find it, he is nicknamed a tramp, becomes an outcast, and is regarded as an enemy of society.

A journal of the quality of The Outlook, with a conservative, moral, and thoughtful constituency, need not seek to form conclusions for its readers, but it certainly has a very high moral obligation to fulfill in directing busy minds toward causal factors in human progress.

And since the producing debtor world has for more than a generation been compelled to sell its products for a constantly decreasing price, is it not plain that by this process all the advantage of increasing skill, genius, and invention is transferred from those who have brought it about to the non-producing creditor class? and as falling prices make investments hazardous, can we not find in this the reason why so many business ventures fail, and why so much labor is unemployed? M. H. CAZIER.

Chicago.

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the article "Concerning Woman's Education" in your issue of March 11, a small error, possibly only typographical, occurs, which I fear may serve to increase a misapprehension already existing to a certain extent. The writer of the article mentions among the pioneers of woman's education "Miss Willard;" while her identity is partially revealed by locating her at Troy, I cannot but feel that, without further distinction, the confusion of *Mrs.* Emma Willard and *Miss* Frances Willard will become more widespread.

It is over eighty years since Mrs. Emma Willard began her struggle to break through the prejudice which existed against the education of women, and three decades have passed since her life-work closed, and to many of this generation the work and influence and even the name of Emma Willard is almost or wholly unknown.

Being one of the oldest living graduates of the school at Troy founded by Mrs. Emma Willard, I have felt that I must express my fear, and the hope that in any future reference to either of these noble women their identity may be carefully considered. J. H. D.

Cincinnati.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

1. Does Isaiah vii., 14–16, refer to the birth of Christ? If not, what is the reference? 2. Can you recommend a good book which discusses from a modern standpoint the quotations of the Old Testament found in the New Testament? 3. I understand Paul to claim that the gospel which he preaches is a matter of personal revelation. How are we to understand that he received revelations? Do men have revelations to-day as Paul had them? 4. What is the difference between revelation and inspiration? Are religious teachers inspired now as they were in the Apostolic age? Did Spurgeon have inspiration as Peter did? P. M. S.

1. No; the reference is made clear by a paraphrase, viz.: "He will give you a sign. A young woman shall bear a son who shall truly represent the hopes we have inherited from the days of David. His very name, 'God-is-with-us,' shall express the secret of his power. Through your obstinate folly he shall receive but a sorry inheritance. His youth shall be spent amidst privations, his food being only curds and wild honey, for while he is yet young the lands of Syria and Israel shall be ravaged." (Sanders and Kent's "Messages of the Earlier Prophets.") 2. Toy's "Quotations in the New Testament" (Scribners, $3.50). 3. See Acts xvi., 9; Galatians ii., 2; Acts xx., 23; 2 Corinthians xii., 1–9. Visions and ecstasy, as modes of revelation, belong to modern as well as ancient times. Revelation in Paul's case was to the moral nature, the conscience. Another mode of revelation is to the intellectual nature, in the intuitions of truth obtained by great thinkers, prophets of science, like Newton. 4. Revelation is

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the cause, inspiration the effect, the same now as ever, with differences only in degree, not in kind.

1. "The Word of God came to man at first orally, in connection with theophanies." Are we to accept this? How are we to understand the anthropomorphic conception of God as found in the Pentateuch? Did God ever assume visible form and speak audibly to any people? 2. How are we to look upon the death of Ananias and Sapphira, as recorded in Acts? Were they really killed for sin? Or shall we think they died from natural causes and the people concluded that death was a divine punishment? P. M. S.

1. A real theophany, or manifestation of God, takes place and is apprehended as such in conscience, although mediated through some sensible object. Conscience aided by imagination may invest any sensible object with the character of a theophany—*e.g.*, an apparition or a clap of thunder. The anthropomorphic conceptions of the Old Testament are due to an immature stage of intellectual development, and must be translated into their equivalents in modern thought. In a certain true sense God is always assuming visible form and intelligible speech. Whether he anciently did so in any other way than may still be recognized by a devout and spiritual mind it is not possible and not important to determine. It is not inconceivable that God may have adapted to an immature and unspiritual age methods of revelation adapted to an immature and unspiritual people. 2. The paralyzing circumstances of public shame and awful denunciation, acting on a susceptible nature, seem adequate to account for their death, though it may not have been so instantaneous as the record permits us to infer.

1. Do the latest archæological discoveries uphold Old Testament history, particularly "The Pentateuch"? 2. Has what might be called "conservative theology" been strengthened by the later developments of Biblical criticism? 3. What recent book can be said to fairly state the *proved* position of the Christian religion to-day? A. E. C.

1. On the whole, we think they have, so far as they bear directly on Biblical statements. 2. So far as Biblical criticism has affected theology, it has been by requiring old truths to be put into new forms and supported by sounder reasons. Of course this has somewhat discredited the formularies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. 3. There are still open questions. The best proofs of Christianity are seen in its missionary work throughout the world. For a generally sound modern theological statement see Professor W. N. Clarke's "Outline of Christian Theology" (Scribners).

Kindly mention (1) some good books on the life of Christ and Bible stories written for young children; (2) also some collection of poems for children from standard authors. G. G.

1. "The Prince of Peace," by "Pansy" (Mrs. Alden), a life of Christ (Lothrop, Boston); "The Bible Story Retold for Young People," by Professors Bennett and Adeney (Macmillan, New York); "Bible Stories in Bible Language," by E. T. Potter (Appleton, New York). 3. The collection edited by Whittier, "Child Life" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston); also Lang's "Blue Book of Poetry" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York).

Huxley says that "the Sermon on the Mount, as given in the first Gospel, is, in the opinion of the best critics, 'a mosaic work' of material derived from different sources, and I do not understand that this statement is challenged." Is this true? R. P.

We so regard it; that is, that the "sermon," as given in Matthew v.—vii., inclusive, was probably not delivered continuously at one place and time, but contains sayings of Jesus on a variety of occasions.

Can you give me the total circumference of the walls around Jerusalem as they were rebuilt by Nehemiah? S. W. H.

We do not find the figures given anywhere. Nehemiah built on the line of the old walls, at least in general. Measurement of these in Kiepert's atlas gives a total of about 6,400 paces for the whole inclosure before the exile.

Can any one tell me where in his writings Ruskin describes a locomotive? MECHANICUS.

NOTE.—Through inadvertence we failed to give credit to the S. S. McClure Company for the picture of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's residence at Lahore, which appeared as part of the illustration of the article on Kipling by Mr. Robert Bridges ("Droch") in the February Magazine Number. The picture referred to is copyrighted by the S. S. McClure Company, and was printed by The Outlook by special permission.

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